The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1931 NUMBER 866

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The Week

THE returns in the Spanish election are not complete as we go to press, but they indicate a clean sweep for the forces which overthrew the Monarchy three months ago. There seems no doubt that the Republican regime has come to stay, though it is not yet clear how far to the Left it will go. The electoral victory is divided between Socialists and moderate Republicans, making it almost mandatory that the present provisional regime should continue in power for the present. It is also certain, however, to move to the Left. The Socialists have strengthened their position and the more radical elements in the advanced industrial regions are sufficiently influential to make it hazardous for the government to follow a moderate and compromising course.

WHILE the Communists as such fared badly in the election, their strength is greater than the face of the returns would indicate. Macia's forty-two seats in the new Cortes represent ultra-radicalism more than they do the doctrine of Catalonian rights. At least four Communists were elected in the province of Oviedo, and many other individuals, elected elsewhere, will tend strongly toward the extreme Left, whatever the nature of their electioneering propaganda may have been. In agricultural Andalusia, where elections are still far from being free, there have been bloody conflicts because the Communists felt they were not receiving fair treatment. Both in Andalusia and Castile, Communism has been opposed, not because of its principles, but because it is identified with the doctrine of freedom for Catalonia. Indeed, last Sunday's election is strikingly similar to what happened in 1917, when a revolutionary general strike failed after five days because the government of Alphonso succeeded in persuading the Spanish people that its real purpose was to make Catalonia independent.

THE Scottsboro case, which began with the trial of nine Negro boys for rape, has become a far-flung struggle between the International Labor Defense and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, a battle of words in which both armies have scored tactical victories and committed tactical errors. On the side of the N. A. A. C. P.—the moderate side—the chief error was the lack of vigor with which it conducted the early defense of the nine boys. The outcome of the trial was probably inevitable in any case: eight of the boys were convicted and sentenced to death under circumstances which left the world still doubtful of their guilt. Given the conditions in Scottsboro—the blood-hungry crowd, the brass band outside the courthouse—they would doubtless have been convicted no matter how able their defense; but more zealous lawyers than those retained by the N. A. A. C. P. would have managed to insert more objections in the record, as grounds for a new trial. This early lack of zeal gave an opening to the International Labor Defense, which took full advantage of it. With the admirable energy shown by Communist organizations, it formed committees, held meetings, issued appeals for funds, and induced the relatives of the boys to leave their defense in the hands of the prominent lawyers furnished by itself. The result was a wave of editorials favorable to

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Communism in the Negro press. But the N. A. A. C. P. was also bestirring itself with vigor: it was issuing proclamations against Communism; it was raising funds and holding meetings—at which, more recently, it has had to request police protection against Communist hecklers. Meanwhile, eight very black and bewildered boys are eating chocolate bars in prison and wondering if they're going to be burned. Meanwhile, too, there have been suggestions from Negroes of standing that the two organizations should compound their differences, cease battling each other and devote their whole energies to saving the eight lives at stake while there is still time to save them. Otherwise, these Negroes say, the I. L. D. and the N. A. A. C. P. may be left struggling for the undisputed possession of eight corpses.

THE Federal Council of Churches is engaged in a great war with the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, the organization over which Mr. Will Hays presides with such unctuousness and guile. The Council has issued a lengthy report on "the public relations of the motion-picture industry," in which it repeats the accusation, now well known, that the Hays group secretly paid fees for lectures to numerous persons affiliated with the Federal Council, these lectures being delivered before audiences which knew nothing about such subsidization. The Council considers that this was an attempt to influence the judgment of these individuals, and compares the result to the public utilities' campaign against government ownership, uncovered by the Federal Trade Commission. Mr. Hays has delivered what he evidently regards as a crushing reply to this, citing the effort of one clerical gentleman to hold up the movie industry, by demanding a percentage of the profits from a certain film, either for his organization (at that time closely connected with the Federal Council) or for himself personally.

WITHOUT belittling the importance of Mr. Hays' efforts to hire a miscellaneous lot of ministers, educators and others (who, it should be noted, showed the utmost readiness to be suborned in this way), we feel that much the more important aspect of the Federal Council's report is its "constructive suggestions." Pointing out intelligently that the mere exercise of censorship will never produce good films, the Council pleads for more "coöperation" between the Protestant churches and the industry, which will result in

> more socially useful pictures, pictures that will contribute to the effort in which the churches are engaged to promote responsible citizenship, interracial understanding, industrial justice and international good will.

These are certainly worthy causes, and the screen might easily become a powerful medium for advancing them—in the newsreels, for instance, now so largely given over to militaristic propaganda. But so far as we can ascertain, the Council is not talking about newsreels; it has in mind the ordinary five-reel drama, the standard product of the studios and the backbone of the program in almost every movie theatre. Such pictures, bad or good, are a form of art, comparable to a stage play, a novel or a short story. Whenever an attempt is made to interject an uplifting message into such a production, its merits as art are bound to suffer. This is true even when the author is himself a zealous believer in the "idea" he endeavors to expound; and the situation is far worse when some outsider is responsible for the extraneous matter. We are aware of no evidence that the good people on behalf of whom the Federal Council speaks are particularly qualified even to judge other men's art, to say nothing of themselves participating in any artistic process: certainly the efforts of the state censorship boards, which they control, are replete with instances where they have totally failed even to understand what the artist was trying to do. Achieving better films is part of a reciprocal process in which achieving better audiences is the other half. And better audiences, with all due respect, do not mean more people like those for whom the Federal Council speaks. They mean, among other things, sensitive, sophisticated and tolerant individuals capable of respecting ideas and emotions even when they do not share them.

THE new "Dry" morning newspaper to be published in New York City, about which there have been so many rumors, seems likely to become a reality. Mr. Stanley High, who will be its editor, announces that half of the necessary funds have been raised, and that publication is now only awaiting a more favorable business situation in general. Mr. High also corrects two misapprehensions about the paper. It will not, he says, be fanatical in its support of prohibition. All it will ask is "a fair trial" for the Eighteenth Amendment, and it is prepared to abandon the sacred cause if and when the editors are convinced that it has had such a trial and has failed. He also explains that the paper will not ask support from its readers merely, or chiefly, on the ground of its espousal of prohibition. It will be first of all, he hopes, a good newspaper, worth reading for the information its columns contain. The aim is to publish a national newspaper comparable in some ways with The Christian Science Monitor. Mr. High is a liberal and pacifist, and his new paper ought to find many readers among New Yorkers who formerly followed the morning World. The New Republic disagrees with Mr. High on the prohibition issue, believing that the experiment has had as fair a trial as it is likely to get, has been an indisputable failure and ought to be abandoned in favor of some other plan for the maintenance of temperance; but it welcomes his journal with all the enthusiasm appropriate to such an early stage in its existence.

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THE recent battle of prices raging among department stores began in New York City; Wanamaker's and Gimbel's were early in the field, though most of the credit or blame has gone to Macy's. The prices of many articles have been drastically reduced: to give one example, sterling-silver teaspoons were advertised one day by Macy's at seventy-four cents and the following day by Gimbel's at fifty-nine. Other stores in the city quickly joined in the conflict. Visiting buyers, seeing the bargains offered in New York, determined to obtain equal bargains for their own customers; and the movement is rapidly spreading over the country. Its aim, in general, is to make prices so low that the public can't resist buying. The theory is that new business will flow from retailers through wholesalers to manufacturers; new employees will be hired everywhere; the depression will be ended. But manufacturers complain that exactly the opposite effect is being produced. They say that department stores, instead of reducing their own overhead and percentage of profit, are demanding that the whole burden of lower costs be borne by the manufacturer. The prices offered him are so low that he must pare salaries and decrease his staff in order to meet them, thereby aggravating the condition which the price war was designed to cure. The controversy continues; so does the reduction in prices; and the public, while enjoying these temporary bargains, can reflect that here is another commentary on the powerlessness of individual business men in the face of a world depression.

After Mr. Hoover's Year

MR. HOOVER'S great scheme for a year's moratorium on war debts and reparations has had an amazing preliminary success. Before it was even known whether the plan would ever go into effect, it had apparently changed the whole international perspective both economically and politically. Germany, which seemed to be again on the brink of a financial abyss, has halted there, at least for the present. Things are decidedly looking up in England, the United States and other places, if the movement of the stock market is a good guide. Indeed, if some way could be devised for taking away from the owners of securities a handsome part of their paper profits during the past week, much if not all the reparations and war debts could be paid out of hand (though of course the difficulty of transmitting these sums across the international borders would remain). It is agreed by the almost slavishly laudatory daily press that the moratorium proposal is the greatest stroke in Mr. Hoover's career, that it has increased the likelihood of his reëlection next year and has correspondingly discomfited his enemies.

Indeed, the most embarrassing thing about his whole scheme seems to be that it has had too great a success too soon. There is grave danger that the excesses of optimism are likely to be followed by equal excesses of pessimism should the plan go through, or should it prove less efficacious than hasty and violent admirers suppose. At the moment of writing, there seems a fair chance that it will be adopted in a form which represents a compromise between the original Hoover scheme and the French counter-proposal, with Germany paying into the Bank for International Settlements the non-postponable part of reparations and having these sums paid back to her at once. Such a plan would achieve substantially the same result that Mr. Hoover wanted; it would not be hard for the Reichsbank to float a short-term credit to cover such payments, provided the funds were immediately made again available to her and could be earmarked for use as part of her domestic budget. But even if the compromise is adopted, the other question, whether the plan will accomplish as much as is claimed, remains the important one.

Before discussing this, however, it is worth while to take cognizance of the only sharp criticism of Mr. Hoover's action which has been uttered, based on the argument that he goes too far instead of not going far enough. Several readers of The New Republic have attacked the whole enterprise on the ground that "Hoover is just saving the money of the international bankers, at the expense of the American taxpayers," and that "he is willing to cancel our foreign debts, but not those owed by American citizens." In the first place, these critics assume that the war debts and reparations are to be canceled instead of being postponed for one year. While The New Republic believes that cancellation will ultimately be necessary, Mr. Hoover has not only failed to admit this necessity, but his suggestion about a moratorium explicitly repudiated any such idea. In the second place, only an inconsiderable part of the reparations, and none of the war debts, have been commercialized and now represent debts to "the international bankers" or to their customers. It is true that large private loans have been made to Germany, and that a financial collapse would cancel much, or conceivably even all, of their value. But in seeking to prevent such a collapse, the United States is acting primarily to prevent acute suffering on the part of the whole mass of the German population; it is doing a hundred times as much for them as it is for the "international bankers," who have in any case unloaded a great part of their German loans upon private investors. If you are a Fascist or a Communist, it is possible to argue that Germany ought to undergo a Fascist or Communist revolution; but those who have objected to the Hoover plan belong in neither of these camps; they are, apparently, persons whose animus against the bankers is so strong that they would be willing to see Germany's existing machinery wrecked, and incur the risk of another European war, in order to make sure these gentlemen would lose a few hundred million dollars.

As for the argument that Mr. Hoover ought to

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have acted first for the relief of American farmers and other debtors, he has in fact done so. Restoration of foreign markets and an increase in trade would benefit both classes. (He does, of course, refuse the even more valuable assistance which would be involved in the abolition of tariff barriers.) It may be that America's internal debts ought to be reduced, through inflation of the currency or otherwise, but such a proposal is not incompatible with what Mr. Hoover is trying to do for European restoration, or even related to it except indirectly; and we doubt whether those who complain about his aiding Europe are really prepared to advocate wholesale cancellation, even in part, of our internal obligations.

The real unsolved problem is, of course, what shall be done at the end of the year's moratorium. We have repeatedly demonstrated in these pages that Germany cannot pay her reparations except by an enormous sale of goods abroad, creating a large "favorable" balance of trade. The other chief nations are not prepared to permit her to do this—England and the United States, because these German goods would partially displace their own in the markets of the world; France, because such a development would mean that Germany would again become strong, and a potential war menace. Such reparations as have already been paid in cash have for the most part come from borrowings abroad, and these borrowings have now ceased for the good reason that Germany is mortgaged up to the hilt and it is no longer good business to lend to her. The payments of reparations in goods (in "kind") have been achieved by depressing the standard of living of the German working class, by increasing their hours of labor and reducing their pay, by putting upon the middle class and the rich a tremendous burden of taxation. This burden is rapidly becoming insupportable, and the German people are showing with increasing clarity that they will not endure it much longer. They will repudiate their own government or any other which seeks to keep their necks beneath the yoke.

The Allies, as everyone now knows, in so far as they have been paying their debts at all, have done so out of what they have received from Germany. If reparations should stop, they too would be confronted by the difficulties the Germans now face. Not only would they find the transmission of the sums enormously difficult, but the imposition of taxes in order to accumulate the necessary funds would work great hardships both on workers and the rest of the population.

The world-wide acclaim with which the Hoover plan was greeted was due, in our judgment, primarily to the recognition of these facts and to the belief that once war debts and reparations are suspended they will never be resumed, or at least not on anything like their present scale. Certainly the actual sums involved this year are comparatively unimportant—about $2.50 per capita for the inhabitants of France, $2 for those of the United States, and $6 for the Germans, as calculated by the United States Treasury. Mr. Hoover, according to his own statements, is gambling on a resumption of prosperity during the coming year which will enable the reparations scheme to continue in operation on the terms of the Young Plan. But even if the depression should be ended, or much abated—and there is no definite evidence that this will be the case—the old scheme of German borrowing abroad to pay the Allies to pay us cannot be resumed. Whether he likes it or not, Mr. Hoover or his successor in office will eventually have to face the necessity of cancellation. Whether France likes it or not, she will eventually have to welcome Germany back into the society of nations and let her people lead normal lives. There is no magic way around those two facts.

Bull Market Architecture

THE MATERIAL embodiment of the late bull market remains in our metropolitan structures of towering heights. They soar boldly above a surrounding mesa of roofs, very much as the spirelike graph of 1929 equity prices soars above the horizontal undulating line that records the market fluctuations over a long preceding period. The same causes explain both pinnacles: there are the same methods of rationalization, the same economic theory. But the spire on the graph has visibly collapsed. We can still see the buildings: they hover over the flat plateau of stability, the ironic witnesses of collapsed hopes, departed opportunities. On a hazy day one might take those towers for a mirage. Perhaps, on the clearest and coldest of days, that is exactly what they will turn out to be.

The so-called economic studies of urban building made during the glamorous period that is gone postulated as a point of departure an ever increasing demand for space at ever mounting rentals. So insistent was this demand to be that it would be possible, at any point of time, to include in the appraisal of a site the original valuation and the sum of original costs of all structures which occupied it, had passed into obsolescence and had been replaced. The contemplated destruction of a building was a signal to transfer the original cost of it to the current valuation of the land.

These elaborate studies, made under the guidance of current rules of investment for profit, looked toward the establishment of a neat formula which would disclose the height required to yield a given net return under assumed conditions in respect to rising land values and hoped-for rents. Certain relations, in the present state of the industrial arts, were obvious: the higher the unit value of the site, the taller the structure: but the taller the structure, the higher the unit cost of it. Even under bull-market economics there was a vague sense of limiting conditions in respect to rentals. But it is fairly true to say that no limits were as-

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sumed in the case of site values. The short period allowed for amortization marked the hope for a new rise, when the demolished structure should have passed into the Great Beyond and been transmuted into so many more ghostly zeros in the augmented price of the land.

Finding the financially profitable height was evidently a problem which involved a number of dependent variables, including the art of engineering itself. It is illuminating to examine some of these variables and to note their peculiar nature and relationship. Site value was conceived as a function of congestion and varied with it: hence, from a purely financial standpoint, we could not tread too closely on each other's toes. But it also depended upon hoped-for efficiencies in the methods of building and in the ways and means of vertical transportation—such a possibility as using a double-elevator unit in a single shaft, or a great increase, despite fluttering hearts and whoopsing stomachs, in the speed of vertical transportation. That is to say, site valuation was in the nature of a wager that we should tolerate intenser congestion and that we should perform sublime feats of engineering to make greater congestion possible. For the real-estate speculator, it was a case of being bullish on the ingenuity of engineers and the passive stupidity of mankind in general.

In any isolated case, there was always the probability that people would tolerate the higher degrees of congestion postulated, and that applied science would fulfill the promise of higher efficiencies, thereby overcoming the handicap of having to produce economic results from larger nonproductive factors—higher unit site value and higher unit building costs. The fact that profits were made in isolated cases gave rise to the notion that we could, as a general principle, continue to tolerate extravagant nonproductive factors in building while canceling the loss by discovering still higher efficiencies.

This was, of course, totally to misunderstand the nature of the problem; for by capitalizing our prospective gains in the mechanical arts we effectually annulled them, and cheerfully faced an absurd outcome—that lower costs of production resulted in higher prices in the commodity sold. The tower builders ceased to deal in tangible results; they ceased, indeed, to care for them. They were operating with a series of abstract physical and financial magnitudes, supported by a promise, a hope, a gambler's optimism, an opium-eater's dream. As the congestion increased, the financial risk increased, too: for we approached the point where the discomforts and inconveniences and inefficiencies and wastes had to be faced. The real question was how soon this point would be reached.

The event took place a little sooner than anyone could have predicted, for it came promptly with the collapse of the bull market. As our manufacturers found themselves with surplus stocks which they could not dispose of by any of the nefarious dodges of salesmanship, our real-estate speculators likewise found themselves with empty buildings. After many tears and much hesitation, the manufacturers at last consented to give way to elementary economic principles: they cut prices. But the income of the towers cannot so easily be cut; it was fixed by unit costs and unit site values, and where leases have run out, the occupants of loft buildings and offices are moving to lower and cheaper quarters. The chief thing that has perhaps kept this from being a general exodus is the existence of long-term leases, and the desperate counter-effort to attract tenants to the new buildings on terms which, if they will bring no profit to the investors in them, will offset some of the threatened losses.

One way or another the future of the skyscraper is at stake. If new buildings empty out the older buildings, at the low rates necessary to do it, they will make no money themselves and they will depreciate the surrounding properties: if they try to demand rents calculated on the basis of a bull movement, they will remain empty. Somewhere, sometime, someone will begin to count the actual cost of the skyscraper, now that the prospects of endless gains are knocked flat. The handful of architects and city planners who have pointed out the wastes of congestion may then gracefully retire. The bankers and the business men will demand that business spread out: they will put what money is left into safe plateaus, rather than dizzy pinnacles. The city of the near future may be stabilized at between ten and fifteen stories. In this event, the tallest and most extravagant skyscrapers might become monuments in the purely honorific sense of the word: too costly to run, they would merely remain objects to look at. Is there not something a little ominous in the sudden popularity of their observation towers? Would it not perhaps be expedient to sell them at an early moment to the federal or state governments as public memorials, rechristening them appropriately as the Hoover Tower, the Smoot-Hawley Tower, the Harding Tower, tributes from our wise business men to the equally wise statesmen who have made this country what it is?

The New Era of Vanishing Debts

HOOVER plans to help Latin America," ran a headline of The New York Times of June 26, less than a week after the President's first move for a German moratorium. Two days later the White House made public an emphatic denial of this report, stating, "There is absolutely no foundation for the stories circulated in the press that this government plans for a discussion concerning South American debts. They remain, as do all private debts, solely a relationship between debtors and creditors."

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It is evident that a widely felt wish was father to the thought that Mr. Hoover, after straightening out the financial situation of Germany, would proceed to put South American finances in order. The White House is to be commended for pointing out the obvious difference between inter-government financial obligations, involved directly or indirectly in the Young Plan, and obligations of foreign governments to American private investors. War debts and reparations can only be settled, in the long run, through debt cancellation granted by the chief creditor, the American government; hence, the appropriateness and inevitability of Mr. Hoover's initiative. On the other hand, it is hardly to be expected that the American government will side with foreign public debtors against American private creditors. Debt cancellation is only possible after much wrangling between debtors and creditors. An attitude of impartiality in this conflict is, perhaps, the most that can be asked of the United States.

For the past sixteen years we have lived in an era of growing debts to the United States. We now enter upon a new era of vanishing debts to the United States. The new cycle, like the old, will be marked by much mystification. No field of human activity makes mystery easier or more often useful to self-interest than that of finance. Each new piece of financial hocus-pocus will, of course, require a separate analysis, but certain general principles may well be kept in mind.

In the first place, it should be remembered that debts cannot be paid by new borrowings. The method of postponing payment by compounding interest on debts has kept the governments of Germany and South America solvent since the War. If bankers' aid to financially embarrassed South American governments means lending them more money with which to balance governmental budgets and the international accounts, it must be foreseen that such aid will either not materialize or prove inadequate.

A specious bit of mystification is already being circulated, to the effect that bankers' credits are needed to stabilize the South American exchanges. But exchange stability depends on a proper balance of innumerable factors, principally those involved directly in foreign trade. This being true, if the balance is not such as to maintain exchange stability, no amount of bank credit can save the falling exchange. There is not enough gold in the world to correct for many years a 10-percent annual deficit in the international trade balance of the debtor nations. The fact is that every Latin American country has already, and has had since the War, sufficient gold to provide adequate cover for a suitable volume of currency. The Argentine, for instance, has more than $400,000,000 worth of gold, or more gold per capita than Great Britain, but the Argentine has not for some years past been able to balance its international payments without constant fresh increases of foreign debt. To take Argentine gold, or the proceeds of a New York bankers' credit secured by this gold, to maintain exchange stability for a few years, would not guarantee the establishment of a proper trade equilibrium. It would, however, assure rather definitely the loss of a large quantity of gold. Meanwhile, the Argentine trade factors might grow worse rather than better.

In the second place, the South American debt problem cannot be solved by increased South American exports of wheat, coffee, nitrates, copper, tin, meats and other commodities the present world prices of which do not cover production costs except for a few favored producers. Largely as a result of productive American investments in the copper mines of South America, neither the mining properties there nor those in the United States can now earn a profit. These investments have produced too much copper.

Cancellation of a part of the foreign government debts to American investors is the only solution as long as commodity prices do not return to approximately the levels at which they stood when the debts were contracted. The equivalent of debt cancellation is already being suffered by private investors in foreign enterprises. A lack of dividends is the same thing for investors as a default on government bonds. When business fails to pay, reorganization eventually takes place and the losses of investors are thus camouflaged. When governments cannot pay, bankers' arrangements for scaling down the debts must inevitably follow, unless the Russian solution supervenes.

There is doubtless room for constructive coöperation between our Federal Reserve system and the central banks of South America, but it must not be expected that such coöperation can make debts vanish, or world prices of raw materials rise. Capacity to pay debts is not capacity to borrow or to produce, but ability both to produce and to sell production at a price which covers costs and yields a fair profit. The alternative debt solution is cancellation. Formulas will be varied and complex, but cancellation must be their vital principle. The era of vanishing debts has begun.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTH'S TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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Frank Keeney's Coal Diggers

THE PEOPLE who work at Ward live in little flat yellow houses on stilts that look like chicken houses. They seem mean and flimsy on the sides of the hills and at the bottom of the hollow, in contrast with the magnificent mountains wooded now with the forests of mid-June. Between those round and rich-foliaged hills, through the middle of the mining settlement, runs a road with, on one side of it, a long row of some obsolete kind of coal-cars turned upside down and, on the other, a meager trickle of a creek, with bare yellow banks, half-dry yellow stones, yellowing rusty tin cans and the rusting axles and wheels of old coal-cars. There are eight hundred or so families at Ward, two or three in most of the houses and eight or ten children in most of the families. And they are as much prisoners, as much at the mercy of the owners of their houses and land, as if they did indeed live in a chicken-yard with a high chicken-wire fence around them.

Ward is situated in a long narrow valley which runs back among the West Virginia hills. The walls rise steep on either side and the end of the hollow is a blind alley. The Kelly's Creek Colliery Company owns Ward and the Paisley interests own Mammoth, another settlement further back in the hollow, where the houses are not even painted yellow and where the standard of living is lower than at Ward. The people who live in these houses mine coal from the surrounding hills. They work from eight to twelve hours a day and they get from $2.60 to $3 for it. They get paid not in United States currency, but in chicken-feed specially coined by the companies—little fake aluminum coins, thin and light and some of them with holes in the middle like the debased French and German currency that was issued at the end of the War. Even Andrew Mellon, who owns one of the mines in this field, pays his men in this imitation money. The company money is worth, on the average, about sixty cents on the dollar. The goods sold at the company store, which is the only place where the miners can trade, as the company will, of course, not allow any other store to be built on its property, are sold so much dearer than at the private stores only three miles away that the miners are never able to come closer than 60 percent to getting their money's worth. If they go out to the nearest little town and cash in their company money at a loss and buy some goods at a private store, as they occasionally do, they very quickly get laid off by the company.

Nor are the people who work at Ward ever able to get ahead, to save up money and try to do better elsewhere. When they get paid at the end of every fortnight, it is never for the work of that fortnight, but only for the work of the fortnight before. From this pay—say $40—the fortnightly charges of the company are deducted—say $6 for rent, $5 for gas, $1 for electricity, $1 contribution to a compulsory funeral fund, $3 or more compulsory fee for hospital and medical treatment (whether they need a doctor or not). This leaves only about $24, and the bill at the company store always turns out just to equal the balance or a little to exceed the balance. It is only very rarely that the miner manages to come out fifty or sixty cents ahead. If he does, it is likely to turn out that he has run behind during the last two weeks and the fifty or sixty cents is held back to make up the deficit; or it may be that his father or his son is in debt, and the gain is transferred to the other account. If, however, the company can find no pretext for withholding the fifty or sixty cents, the miner gets it in regular currency. This is the only regular currency he ever sees. As he is only getting paid for his work of a fortnight ago, he is always in debt to the company and always obliged to borrow money to get through the fortnight ahead; and the money which the company advances him is always the company's imitation money.

When times are hard, as they are at present, and the coal business, which never does particularly well, is doing particularly badly, the operators cut their rates and make up the difference to themselves and their stockholders by getting more work for less pay out of the miners. They put in mechanical cutters and loaders and lay off as many men as they can. The first to go are the men over forty-five and the men who have been crippled in the mines (at Mellon's mine they never keep a man who has been injured). And other defective workmen are eliminated by means of a medical examination, which has recently been made obligatory. Anybody who can't read the bottom line of type on an oculist's chart, which comparatively few people can read anyway, is likely to get the sack. The result is that the children at Ward sometimes go without food for three days and are sometimes so naked that their mothers can't send them to the union with orders for clothes.

About a month ago, a hundred and fifty miners with their women and children decided to appeal to the Governor. They set out to march to Charleston, more than twenty miles away. They camped at night on the road near a bridge on the outskirts of the city, and Governor Conley, hearing that they were coming, came out and met them there next morning in order to avert a scandal. The Governor received a delegation in front of a filling station, and a sympathetic minister spoke for them. He

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told the Governor that the miners had had no work for weeks and had nothing to eat. The Governor replied that he was very sympathetic with the miners, that he had once been a miner himself—that he had been a miner in the days when you used a pick. "Whatever may be the shortcomings of our government," he said, "whatever conditions may be now, we have the best government on earth. We have eliminated all class distinctions and any man, no matter how humble, may sometimes hold high office. It means something to live in a government like this and your demeanor this morning shows"—some of the marches of striking miners have ended in shootings—"that you appreciate the advantages of our government." He went on to point out, however, that the mines were to reopen the next Monday: the company, alarmed, had posted a notice to this effect after the marchers had left the camp. The miners wanted to know what they were going to live on in the meantime and how they were going to buy their powder (the miners have to pay for their own explosives) when they did set to work again. The Governor then read them the Constitution and explained that it did not authorize him to do anything for them: the legislature had appropriated no funds for the purpose and the law forbade him to divert funds from other purposes. He said that "the government was a business institution and that its business had to be conducted along lines that safeguarded the interests of all citizens." "I am," he concluded in a munificent gesture, "turning over $10 of my own money to your presiding officers." The marchers went on to the courthouse, where they met with better success: the county raised some truckfuls of food.

The next Monday the mines did reopen, but not everybody was taken back. And soon after, evictions began. Just at present, two dozen families are in process of being put out at Ward. You can see the men from the company store dangling their legs from the back of the company truck, as they wait for the constable to evict one of the families; and further on along the road, another family is sitting on the ground in the inadequate shade of a small tree beside a compact and carefully stacked pile of chairs, tables, bureaus and beds—the mother has an umbrella up. They have been brought a safe distance from the settlement so that they won't be able to move back into their houses as soon as the constable has gone, as families have been known to do, or move into the house of a neighbor. As a matter of fact, in not only evicting their tenants, but carrying them away, the company has gone beyond its rights. The road at least is supposed to be public property—it is supposed to belong to the county, and the company has no authority to drive other people's furniture off. Yesterday some of the young men got sore and stopped the truck and brought a load of furniture back. It belonged to a young married man who had taken a prominent part in the hunger march and who had been laid off and thrown out on that account.

The constable got scared at this: he was afraid something worse would happen the next day. So he had a warrant served the next morning and arrested five men on the charge of interfering with an officer in the performance of his duty. They are now in the Charleston jail, and the people at Ward are sorer than ever. Many of them have lived there all their lives, and they are dismayed at being treated like chickens to be casually dumped out of their coops. They are people: they have nailed 'possum skins to their doors, trained pink and crimson ramblers over their houses, grown gray Columbia poplars in their yards. The women, with thin bare legs and in white slips, sit in swings on the porches of their houses like other women on hot afternoons. The girls put on fresh white and yellow dresses and walk along the railroad track, which runs beside the road through the hollow and belongs to the company, too. They have learned the same popular songs over their radios that all the rest of the American girls have learned, and they amuse themselves by singing duets of, "You—You're Drivin' Me Crazy!" "Button Up Your Overcoat" and "I Want to Be Bad!"

As for the men, they are easy-going, good-humored and straightforward Southerners, old-fashioned backwoods Americans so much in the tradition of American backwoods independence that it is almost impossible to realize that they have been reduced to the condition of serfs. They themselves, in spite of harsh experience, seem surprised at their position today. Some of them were Knights of Labor in the eighties, when labor had its victories. "I've lived in this hollow forty-two years," says one man, with wide and serious eyes. "This country's gittin' corrupt! Under conditions, the President's agin' us and everybody!" "If it wasn't for conditions," says another—the young man who was put out of his house—"Ward would be a right good place to live."

Lately leaders from their own mines and hollows, trained in the strikes of ten years ago, have become active among them again. There have been difficulties about getting them organized, though they have greeted their old leaders with enthusiasm: they can't hold meetings on the company property—even their church belongs to the company. So the organizers have had to go out to the blind-alley end of the hollow, where there is some land which is owned by an oil company. The oil company apparently doesn't care whether the coal workers organize or not. The miners would meet them there among the steep pyramidal scaffoldings of the oil-wells, and build bonfires and sign up for the union. Now they have "speakin's" there every Sunday; but they have to have them in the afternoons, and, if possible, with the speaker's truck against something, for fear of bullets from behind.

The miners hail the organizers as wrecked men hail a ship. They are men, and the organizers are men. And the operators—who are they? They

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are corporations, interests, holding companies; vice-presidents, stockholders, boards of directors; a controversy with Pittsburgh in the newspapers over the freight rates to the Great Lakes, a franchise guaranteeing a monopoly of the Minneapolis docks; an office staff in a Charleston office building. The miners never see an operator—there is merely a legend that one once visited a mine on the occasion of a serious strike. The operators merely send out orders from Cleveland or Pittsburgh or Chicago that wages have to be cut, and they leave the rest to the superintendent—in the case of Ward reputed to be a former detective—who represents them at the mine. And as the operators have to make good to the stockholders, the superintendent tries to make good to the operators by paring the pay roll down further—if necessary, by shortweighting the men. The only thing people know certainly about the operators is that they are all engaged in cutthroat competition with each other and that some of them are going bankrupt. Even at that, they can't sell their coal: there are great mounds of it lying around at Ward. According to the superintendent, there are nearly 500 carloads of coal standing on the tracks unconsigned and 400 carloads dumped on the ground.

At night, an organizer from New York holds a class and tries to explain to them what has happened. She speaks in the Negro schoolhouse—the only building not the property of the company. In Ward the Negroes and whites do not mingle, but they live in houses side by side, bathe side by side in the same creek, hold office together in the union and now have lessons in economics together. The speaker is a girl from Vassar and Brookwood who seems to stand up very tall in the dark dimly gaslit room, where the children's cut-outs of flowers and figures make little ghosts on the window panes. Women with babies sit at the desks; men stand up or sit on the floor. She tells them that the reason they are starving and being evicted from their homes is that business is run for private profit. One of the boys on a windowsill has heard that in Russia the government is run by the workin' people. They are shy about answering the questions she asks, but they listen to her with awe and eagerness. The most loquacious person present is a round black Negro, who has thought the thing out with some intricacy and believes the government ought to be changed. At the end, she chalks up on the board the words of "Solidarity Forever" and makes them sing it to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

An hour ago, along the shores of the beautiful Kanawha and New Rivers, where the little paddle-wheel steamboats still ply, small farmers were hoeing cabbage-patches and corn, while the sun brought out a brighter light green in the inside bank of a bend in the river against the dark background of the further bank and the shadows of the bushy verdure, spreading on the muddy water, made chocolate rich with purple. Here, at the end of the warm Southern day, delicious coolness has welled up and filled the valley, and the darkness of the valley seems even richer than the day. Large fireflies as big as stars seem to float among the mountain heights. The miners coming home from work with their lanterns fastened to their foreheads look like fireflies, too. Outside, in the summer dark, they are playing mandolins and singing ballads. And at the bottom of the black valley, in the little Negro schoolhouse, the natives of the camp and the forest, not a roof or a tree of which they own and where their only condition of survival is to spend all day or all night in a hole in the hill, are trying to find out why they have to fight the constable, the Governor and the President for the right to live.

The miners of Kanawha Valley will still defend their rights. Before the coal-mining days, they were mountaineers who carried on implacable feuds. But today the traditional antagonism between the Hatfields and the McCoys has been destroyed by a new kind of feud. Today there are Hatfields and McCoys both in the mines and among the operators, and the members of the same family are fighting each other as bitterly as the families fought each other in the past.

In 1920, the Kanawha miners were organized; but the operators in the wild counties south of Charleston were fighting the union with strike-breakers and lockouts. Troops were brought in, and 3,000 miners' families spent the winter in tents. Then the United Mine Workers' union, which under the leadership of John L. Lewis had taken to making deals with the operators to promote Lewis's political ambitions, withdrew and left the miners flat. The miners continued striking, none the less.

In May, while evictions were going on at Matewan, Mingo County, an attempt was made to arrest the chief of police, a Hatfield who had been a miner and who was sympathetic with the strikers. The mayor, who was also sympathetic, attempted to interfere and was shot by a Baldwin-Felts detective. In five minutes, Hatfield had shot both the Felts brothers and three other detectives, and two miners and two bystanders had been killed. Hatfield and another man were summoned to appear in court. They went unarmed and took their wives, and were shot on the courthouse steps by a gang of Baldwin-Felts men hidden behind the courthouse pillars and led by a stool-pigeon who had been working in the union.

Three weeks later, in August, the angry Kanawha miners 7,000 strong, set out to march on the south. They were led by men who had been in the trenches, and they had a commissary and nurses and proceeded in military formation. They wore red handkerchiefs around their necks and blue overalls. They cut the telegraph and telephone lines.

Mother Jones, for all her militancy and her nerve, went to them with tears in her eyes and

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begged them not to go. But they told her to get away.

The Governor, who had refused even to deal with the miners, appealed to President Harding for help. The President sent a brigadier-general, who protested to Frank Keeney, the district president of the miners, threatening to bring in federal troops. Keeney said that he would stop the march if the government would guarantee the constitutional right of the miners to organize.

The government hastily agreed and sent special trains to bring the miners back, but in the meantime the Governor had sent the state police to arrest them. Just as the miners were starting to go home, they heard that three of their number had been shot. A battle ensued which lasted nearly a week and in which fifty men were killed. Hired gunmen, American Legion patriots, state militia and business men who could shoot, mobilized against the miners with rifles, machine guns and airplanes. The miners were just breaking through the line, when the federal troops arrived. The march was stopped and the union destroyed.

John L. Lewis had become president of the United Mine Workers of America in the February of that year, 1920, and his slogan was "No Backward Step!" In 1929, the membership of the U. M. W. A. had shrunk from nearly 400,000 members to hardly 100,000. The only miners who were advanced were Lewis, who draws a salary of $12,000 and is said to covet the post of Mr. Doak, and the other officials of his machine.

In consequence, when the depression set in, there was a need for new union leadership. In March, 1930, the Illinois District held a national convention and tried to set up a reorganized union. In the meantime, the West Virginia leaders of the 1920 days had settled down by 1924, when the union had completely expired, as ordinary citizens of Charleston. Frank Keeney had an orange-drink stand and then speculated in gas and oil; Brant Scott sold automobiles. But when the Illinois convention was called, they went to it and came back to West Virginia to reorganize their union. Keeney was immediately evicted from his house.

By March of the present year the Illinois district officials had decided to go back to Lewis, the reorganized union was given up and funds were cut off from West Virginia. Keeney, however, went ahead alone. His union had been effective in keeping the operators from cutting wages and in getting a union checkweightman on the coal tipple to keep the company from shortweighting the men.

Brookwood Labor College, of which A. J. Muste is the head, has sent him a reënforcement of trained organizers, including Tom Tippett and Katherine Pollak.

And while Keeney has been quietly organizing, the lid has been blowing off in the coal fields both North and South. Since April, in Harlan County, Kentucky, where Andrew Mellon and Samuel Insull own mines, there have been evictions, looting of stores, dynamitings and wholesale burnings of miners' houses—culminating, on May 5, in a battle between mine guards and deputy sheriffs and miners who were trying to organize. Four men were killed and two wounded. District officials of the U. M. W. A. made an agreement with the Governor that state troops should be brought in to restore order, that the mine guards should be disarmed and that the miners should be allowed to join the union and hold meetings during the day.

The miners at first thought they were being protected, but they soon discovered that the state militia was to all intents and purposes only a branch of the mine guards. The troops were kept in Evarts, near where the battle had occurred, until twenty indictments had been brought on triple-murder charges and a hundred men had been put in jail, including a Baptist preacher who, as a result of trying to speak for the miners, was charged with criminal syndicalism.

Now the whole county is under martial law. There have been walkouts, Negro strikebreakers fired on, mobs of miners besieging the jail, state cavalry, artillery and tanks. The local powers are ruthless because they are desperate. They have 45,000 miners against them and they have lately only been able to keep themselves in office by brazen disregard of the law. Judge Jones, who has jailed a hundred men and not one mine guard or deputy sheriff, is said to have been defeated in the last election in spite of the fact that several thousand miners were forced to vote for him at the point of a gun. But he remained on the bench just the same. In similar fashion, the miners' candidate for sheriff, though he is supposed to have been elected, was prevented from holding office and has since been put in jail and denied bond.

More recently, the Communists' union, the National Mine Workers, has been causing eruptions in Pennsylvania and Ohio. At the present time, there reverberates from the North to the workers in the Kanawha field the sound of picketings, jailings, shootings, bombings, troops called out, women and children arrested. The naked broadsides of class warfare crash. The Communists ask for a conference with Governor Pinchot, then denounce him as the operators' tool. The Governor—"pretty good for old politics," the Kanawha miners call him—appeals to the operators to stop evictions, telling them that whether or not they have the right to evict is "beside the question"—only to be met by a cold reprimand for "not properly maintaining law, peace and good order in the vicinity in which our mines are located."

The Communists have even attacked Moundsville in the panhandle of West Virginia, one of the toughest nuts in the state to crack, a mining community with a guarded fence around it. And during the last few days, persons claiming to be Communists have turned up in the Kanawha field—though nobody knows whether they are really Com-

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munists or Department of Justice agents trying to pin Communism on Frank Keeney and the Musteites, who have just been accused, greatly to their disgust, by a former head of the state police of being Communist agitators.

Last of all, finally prodded into activity, the Lewis organization has come to life. By a characteristic stroke, it has made an agreement with some of the Northern operators which calls for rates nine cents a ton and ninety cents a day lower than those in force in non-union mines in the same field. This means that the operators everywhere in West Virginia will have to lower their rates, and this means that the Kanawha miners will have to strike.

Frank Keeney's independent union has a membership of 23,000. It stands today between the Communists on one hand and the corrupt A. F. of L. on the other. It is a spontaneous native labor movement with trained native left-wing leadership, and its development must be watched with the greatest interest by those who believe that the future of the country depends on the success of such movements. This success depends partly on funds, and the funds of the West Virginia Mine Workers are low. Whether they can continue to relieve present privations and meet the expenses entailed by a strike is partly up to people who may be willing to give money to help them.[1] The mining industry has been called in the past the backbone of the American labor movement: the miners, by the nature of their work never yet broken in to the abject life of the industrial cities, have still a tradition of independence and joint action. Keeney's own grandfather owned much of the land in those hills, which now belong to the operators.

EDMUND WILSON.

Charleston, W. Va.

A second article by Edmund Wilson dealing with the West Virginia miners will be published in the near future.— THE EDITORS.

Lies About Russia: II

MR. DONALD DAY, the Chicago Tribune correspondent in Riga, regards that city as "the most reliable center for correct information about Russia." This, however, is not the only reason he lives there. He has another reason, a slightly contradictory one, perhaps, in the light of the one stated above. For the reader is informed in the foreword to Mr. Day's "A Short History of the Revolution," which The Tribune published in 1928, that he "has maintained his residence in Riga to avoid Soviet censorship, which forbids any unfavorable reports of Russia under the Soviet regime." That this allegation is completely untrue, I think I proved conclusively in my first article, wherein I substantiated my argument by quoting at some length from no less a person than Walter Duranty, who has been the Russian correspondent of The New York Times for more than ten years.

However, if Mr. Day and The Tribune feel that their noble campaign for truth about Russian affairs would be seriously impaired by the Russian censors, why is Mr. Day constantly clamoring for a Soviet visa? In fact, Mr. Day's dispatches from Riga would lead one to believe that a Soviet visa is his chief goal in life, or, in other words, that he has an irresistible craving to be officially muzzled. Further credence may be given this belief by the fact that after Stalin had granted his famous interview to the United Press in which he blamed the Riga correspondents for much of the false news circulated about the Soviets, Mr. Day went so far as to publish an open letter to Stalin in Sevodnya, the Latvian anti-Soviet daily. In this letter Mr. Day publicly challenged Stalin to let down the bars of Russia to the foreign correspondents. "If Stalin," Mr. Day announced, "is really concerned about the foreign correspondents, let him give us the possibility of informing the world about Russia from within Russia." However, for all his appeals and declamations, I am certain that if the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs were to grant Mr. Day a visa he would be considerably embarrassed. It is perhaps for this reason that he has not filed a direct application for several years, notwithstanding all his talk about wanting one.

Until the year 1925, nearly all the trains from Moscow passed through Riga on their way to western Europe. The correspondents in that city were therefore able to garner a few scraps of information to leaven the usually unrealistic lump of their dispatches. Few travelers from Russia pass through Riga now, but the volume of dispatches has not been seriously impaired by so trivial a difficulty. Mr. Day and his gifted colleagues are not only blessed with fertile imaginations, but they have access to the White Russian publications, especially Sevodnya, and they probably also enjoy a close relationship with members of the Baltic intelligence services.

Though the Latvian press itself rarely publishes anti-Soviet propaganda, I understand that the Latvian government is considerably embarrassed by the presence of the anti-Soviet correspondents. In the spring of 1930, the Latvian authorities tempo-

[1] Contributions may be sent to the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union, Old Kanawha Valley Bank Building, Room 9, Charleston, West Virginia.

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rarily deported an editor of Sevodnya for misrepresenting news about the U. S. S. R. As he was a Russian residing in Riga on a Nansen passport—an emergency passport issued by the League of Nations soon after the War—the government had little fear of deporting him. However, it seldom dares interfere with the citizens of powerful nations or the correspondents of powerful newspapers. Latvia needs Western credits and good will and for that reason Mr. Day can reside peacefully in his little back-water city and operate his news factory unmolested.

On the whole Mr. Day's information is as faulty as his reporting. Though The Tribune described his brief history of Bolshevism as "one of the few authentic reviews of the revolution," it in reality abounds with error, exaggeration and prejudice. It is, in fact, perhaps the best evidence of Mr. Day's complete unreliability as a reporter. I shall therefore quote some of Mr. Day's "authentic" information which he offers to the reader in this short history.

To begin with, Day announces that the Bolshevik revolution "cannot be called a 'Russian' revolution. . . . It was financed by the same international bankers who financed the 1905 revolution, who supported the Japanese financially in the Russo-Japanese War, and who, in 1917, transferred large sums of money from their banks in Germany to Lenin and Trotsky in Petrograd." Let the reader page the "Elders of Zion," Kuhn, Loeb and Company and the late lamented Jacob H. Schiff!

After having treated the "Causes of the Revolution" with that profound knowledge of Russia which he has amassed during his ten years' stay in Latvia, Mr. Day passes on to an explanation of the "Failure of Communism." I will not cite the numerous errors in this "explanation," but will merely state the crux of Mr. Day's argument. "Efficient and profitable operation of industrial institutions in Russia," Mr. Day announces, "is impossible for the following reasons: Under Communist management the workers continue to take one or two afternoons off each week to discuss revolutionary affairs and prospects for revolution in America, Germany, France, England and China. The Communist in charge of the factory talks all afternoon, and after passing a resolution which he received by telegram from Moscow that same morning, the workers go home, leaving the 'specialists' biting their nails and wondering how production costs can be cut enough to give the peasants an article they can afford to buy."

Mr. Day also includes in his history a chapter entitled, "Why the Commissars are Fighting." This is a remarkable summary of the factional struggle in the Russian Communist party. Those readers who are not acquainted with Russian conditions may, perhaps, be unable to appreciate the incomparable humor of this chapter, but anyone who remembers what actually did happen will find cause for laughter in almost every sentence. Thus, according to Mr. Day, it appears that Trotsky, Rakovsky and Preobrazhensky opposed the NEP at every turn. It was because of this fact, if we may believe Mr. Day's remarkable statement, that "Lenin took strict measures. Trotsky lost his job as head of the army and 'repented.'" As a matter of fact, Trotsky did not lose his position in 1922 or 1923 as Mr. Day indicates, and he was dismissed, not for any opposition to the NEP, but because he had antagonized the party leadership on totally different issues.

Furthermore, we learn that thereafter Lenin "went insane" and was "succeeded by a triumvirate composed of Stalin, Rykov and Kamenev." Not only is Mr. Day mistaken in his names, for it was Zinoviev and not Rykov who was a member of the triumvirate, but the entire statement is incorrect. Mr. Day then goes on to inform the reader that this trio immediately "annulled the NEP," a statement which is as absurd as the one following it, that after Lenin died, Djerjinsky became the political leader and "the triumvirate retired to the background." Moreover, Djerjinsky recalled Trotsky from banishment, Mr. Day continues, as he piles error upon error, but Trotsky, the villain, "made an alliance with Zinoviev, Radek and others and was trying to double-cross" Djerjinsky. Then, to crown his amazing pillar of misinformation, Mr. Day proffers the news that at one Communist council meeting, Djerjinsky "had a stroke during a warm argument with Trotsky and died the next day. He is reported to have been poisoned."

Mr. Day's prophetic gift almost equals his gift for accurate journalism. "It appears," Mr. Day predicts, "that Stalin and his program of conservative Communism will continue to push Russia along the road to free trade and the acknowledgment of the rights of private property." Exactly the reverse of this was true when Mr. Day placed the prophecy on paper in 1928. In fact, as a historian, a journalist and a prophet, Mr. Day would certainly be granted a mark of minus four if the highest mark in these three studies were ten. One can also imagine what valuable contributions he must have made toward our understanding of events in Russia since 1928, when he flung forth his amazing history of the Bolshevik revolution.

Let us pass from Mr. Day in the role of historian to that of Russian correspondent for the "World's Greatest Newspaper." To begin with, I must admit that I find it extremely difficult to single out a few of his dispatches to illustrate his misrepresentations. All of them rise up and insist on being quoted, but space forbids me to choose more than one or two at random.

First, however, I must recall a personal incident. I reached Riga from Moscow in December, 1930, shortly after Stalin had granted an interview to Eugene Lyons of the United Press. Almost the first question which Day asked me was this: "Tell

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me," he said, "did Stalin really give Lyons that interview?" I consider that question a revealing one. Day is so accustomed to manufactured news that he suspects that even authentic dispatches are fabricated in the approved Riga manner.

An excellent sample of the news which has made Mr. Day's adopted city famous is a dispatch from his own private workshop to The Chicago Tribune. This dispatch, wherein Mr. Day twangs his favorite string of anti-Semitism, was presented to credulous citizens of Chicago on October 18, 1930. Mr. Day announced that Stalin is anti-Semitic and is believed responsible for having "excluded the Jews from practically all of the branches of the Soviet government." In proof of this statement, Mr. Day marshals up all that vast fund of information which was so evident in his history. As a matter of fact, it is interesting to note that though Stalin may be the most rabid Jew-baiter since Ivan the Terrible, yet the last two Commissars appointed to the Soviet Cabinet were Jews: Rukhimovich, Commissar of Ways of Communication, and Litvinov, Commissar of Foreign Affairs. And if further proof is required, one need only glance into one of the government offices in Moscow.

"Russians Agitate in United States Factories to Aid Red Credit," Mr. Day shouted from the rooftops of Riga in a dispatch to The Tribune published January 11 of this year. "Reports from Moscow," he continued, "declare that Red agitation among American factory workers is aimed at bringing pressure to bear on manufacturers through their employees to increase Soviet credit in the United States. . . . The propagandists tell the workers that their jobs will be ensured if they insist that the employers sell on credit to the Soviet government." Thanks to Mr. Day, we at last may know why Ford, General Electric, General Motors, International Harvester and many other large companies have granted credits to the Soviets.

Starvation and civil war in Russia are two subjects of which Mr. Day never tires. In The Tribune of June 21, 1930, for example, he reported that starving people were collapsing daily in the streets of Moscow, Leningrad and other cities. He gave the Moscow press as his authority, though I imagine he would be put to no little trouble if he were asked for the clippings on which he based his startling disclosures. Moreover, I was in Moscow at the time, as were scores of American tourists and engineers, yet, strangely enough, only Mr. Day, ensconced in Riga, was privy to the alarming news that hunger stalked the streets of Russian cities.

Mr. Day's flights of imagination and inventiveness occasionally almost pierce the stratosphere of journalistic fancy. On the morning of September 7, 1930, Mr. Day informed the readers of the "World's Greatest Newspaper" that there had been an increasing number of assaults upon American tourists, mechanics and engineers in Moscow. The Russian proletariat, he announced, were so resentful of the presence of Americans that American travelers had been warned not to appear alone upon the streets at night. As a result Americans found it necessary to creep around in protective groups. Moreover, a professor from the University of Chicago, Day reported, had returned from a village near Moscow, his knuckles skinned and his purse missing. Though it is true that the professor lost his pocketbook, it was not true that he had skinned his knuckles by resisting assault. As for Mr. Day's report that Americans were forced to travel about the streets at night in groups, this news was probably based on the fact that many of our fellow citizens have discovered after several distressing experiences that when one has imbibed excessive quantities of vodka it is advisable to propel oneself in a group rather than to try navigating alone.

That Mr. Day is still waging his valiant and relentless battle for truth and that his news-factory is still running overtime even during these hard times was further evidenced by a dispatch which he sent to The Chicago Tribune as recently as June 7 of this year. This dispatch heralded the alarming news that two American engineers who had arrived in Mr. Day's favorite city "to replenish wardrobes stolen from their hotel rooms" (Day never misses an opportunity to accuse the Russians of being thieves) reported that during a week of disorder in Moscow at least fifty strikers and bread-rioters had been killed. The police, according to Mr. Day and his affable engineers, had charged into the crowd which was running wild in the streets, "wielding knouts and firing machine guns." Moreover, Mr. Day reported that Moscow was filled with stories of a massacre; in fact, to use Mr. Day's own apt phrase, that the city was "buzzing with rumors of riots." That Mr. Day in the distant reaches of Latvia was the only person who was privy to these rumors is suggested by the fact that even with such blood-curdling scenes taking place immediately under his nose, Mr. Walter Duranty of The Times either failed to see them or failed to report them to his paper.

I think it is hardly necessary to give further evidence of Mr. Day's unreliability as a reporter. Samples of his Riga workshop are all too easy to find on the pages of The Chicago Tribune, and the large majority of them hardly deserve being proved false. I will conclude by quoting just one more tale, not a product of Mr. Day's teeming imagination this time, but a dispatch coming from his colleague in London, Mr. Lorimer Hammond. The latter, on October 6, 1930, reported a sensational story to The Chicago Tribune. Russia was planning to invade Rumania. How did Mr. Hammond know? Moscow had conveyed the information to its ambassadors in London and Paris. And, of course, who but Mr. Hammond would be immediately informed about it? He learned all the details, the

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plan of mobilization, the line of march, the commanders of the armies and all the secrets of Soviet military tactics. "The program as drafted by the Soviet experts," he declared, "schedules the operations to start not later than March 20, 1931." That terrible day, however, has now passed and the Russian hordes have not yet invaded peaceful Rumania. Can we perhaps thank Mr. Hammond and his revelations for having disrupted the Soviet plans and for at least retarding war? But whether his news was true or not, the American people should at least find some way of expressing their gratitude for the disclosures which Mr. Day, Mr. Hammond and other anti-Soviet correspondents in Riga have so conscientiously published in the pages of The Chicago Tribune.

LOUIS FISCHER.

This is the second and concluding article of Mr. Fischer's series on the lies circulated by foreign correspondents about Russia. The first article appeared in the issue of June 10.—THE EDITORS.

Men Without Machines

IV: *Field and Workshop*

THE FIRST of the year finds the men of Tepoztlan engaged in late harvesting, coffee picking and the drying of coffee berries, for which the only engine employed is the sun. In February some go off for a few weeks to work on the sugar haciendas. The state of Morelos used to be called "the sugarbowl of the world." Fields of yellow-green cane and the tall chimneys of refineries dominated the landscape. Fortunes were made by *hacendados,* but peons led a miserable life. When Zapata came riding on a white horse, shouting "Land and Freedom," they joined him almost to a man. Now the green fields are diminished and iguanas rattle over ruined hacienda walls. One has only to motor along the new road from Cuernavaca to Taxco to realize the vast underground pressures which Diaz had engendered. Like a new volcano, they burst the plains of Morelos, destroying not only the feudal system but the plantations as well. Some sugar growing continues—indeed the industry is slowly reviving under different leadership—and there a group of Tepoztecans find a little work to help balance their annual budgets. In a sense, it is so much velvet. Twice a week they return to the village for a load of food. Their women grind and grind.

In March and April comes the nadir of the agricultural cycle. There has been hardly a drop of rain for six months. At Santa Catarina, one of the encircling hamlets, the wells are empty, and a burro, a barrel and an Indian must go a mile for water. The fields are yellow and dry as tinder. Up the shoulders of Popo dust storms swirl, dense as thunder clouds. The air is acrid with smoke from the fields, fired in anticipation of the next sowing. When all our northern world is blossoming into spring, Mexico grows dryer, dustier, more barren. Except for the firing and a little brush clearing, field work is at a standstill.

In May the face of the world changes. The rains begin; the desert turns into a garden; the *barrancas* begin to roar; billions of tons of water fertilize the parched earth and slide to the sea. Corn planting starts at the hamlet of San Juan, the grains inserted with the same pointed stick the Aztecs used. In the main village, old plows are being repaired, and timber hewn into new wooden plows. In June plow and oxen furrow the fields. The whole town is hard at work. By the fifteenth, the last kernel is planted. Cultivation is done with the *coa,* a flat hoe, not quite Aztec, not quite Spanish, and for that reason pure Mexican. Through the summer, the daily downpours and the cultivation continue. In the mornings the sun shines on a world washed and green.

In October the showers slacken; by December they have altogether ceased. The corn stands high and green in the *milpas;* harvest has come. It is the season of the town's maximum activity. All other work is dropped; men, women and children are in the fields. The corn factors prepare to dispose of the surplus. The ears are pulled by hand and the husks slit with a broad needle of wood or iron hung on the wrist. The cobs are piled into sacks for transport by back or burro to the circular storehouse in the family compound; the husks bound into bundles for *tamales;* the stalks cut down with *machetes* for fodder, or in some cases left standing as poles for beans.

Work in the *milpas* goes on from dawn to dusk. While each family harvests its own field, community spirit is strong, as in old New England barn raisings. For machineless men generally, it is both necessity and pleasure to assist, and be assisted by, one's neighbor. The owner whose field is ripe announces *cuatequitl.* A group of men whose fields are not yet ripe, or already harvested, gather to help him. He has helped or will help them in due course. A minor fiesta is declared. The owner secretes "the little mule," a bottle of brandy, under the pile of corn; the housewife prepares a special dinner assisted by the wives of the other men in the group, and the meal is carried with ceremony to the field.

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In earlier articles we have specified some eighteen occupations in Tepoztlan concerned with food, shelter, clothing and health—bakers, butchers, storekeepers, masons, shoemakers, midwives and the like. To complete the list we must add:

A judge, a priest, two school teachers and two "word-knowers." These last have a curious profession; in the words of Robert Redfield, they are "men who know the traditional Aztec words used in summoning people to pay their contribution for the *santos,* and those used in thanking them when the contribution is paid." Next there are the musicians, particularly the village band and the players of the Aztec pipe, both constantly in demand during fiestas, and the fiesta specialists—dancers, mask makers, decorators (spinning lovely ribbons of woven evergreen), candlemakers and the makers of fireworks. Finally there are the *arrieros,* or transport men. With their loaded burros, they maintain Tepoztlan's material contact with the outside world.

This gives us seven more occupations, and brings the total to twenty-five. And that is all. These are the only specialists this handicraft community of 4,000 people maintains. Tepoztlan, furthermore, might be better off if a few were stricken from the list—say the herb doctors and the magicians. We must remember, too, that most are part-time workers only, and that certain talented individuals appear in two or more categories.

Middletown, with 40,000 people, has more than 400 distinct occupations. In an American town of 4,000 there are undoubtedly half that number, say 200, against Tepoztlan's twenty-five. The machine age requires far more skills than the era it replaced, despite the lamentations of William Morris. Tepoztlan demands more in the way of all-round skill, but its craft specialists are few. Where would a journalist, electrician, garage man, clerk, stenographer, telephone operator, chauffeur, laundry man, movie actor, radio broadcaster, elevator boy, janitor, chef, pressman, street-car conductor, advertising man, broker, realtor, professor or flagpole sitter get a job?

Similarly with our staggering inventories of material equipment. In Sears-Roebuck's catalogue are 30,000 articles, a good fraction of which will be found in every American town as large as Tepoztlan—I should guess at least 10,000 different sorts of tools and utensils in a great variety of shapes and sizes. In Tepoztlan I doubt if there are 500 different sorts of things. There are, perhaps, fifty items in the average family compound: sundry contraptions for harnessing animals, a few fixed styles of clothing, an assortment of simple agricultural tools and minimum equipment for preparing and serving food. There are a few devices—water pipes, hinges, bronze bells, office materials—in the public buildings. Food, shelter, clothing, education, recreation are all provided for after their fashion. Certainly nobody starves, spiritually or physically. Yet these groaning shelves, these heaving freight cars, these mountains of fabricated tonnage, simply do not exist. Nor is there the slightest demand that they should exist. What in heaven's name would they do with all the stuff? There are no wages to produce purchasing power, to produce sales, to produce profits, to produce capital, to produce purchasing power. So the village population gets on with enough to get on with.

To devote a chapter to work in Mexico will seem to many Americans a task of supererogation. It is a dreary business, but I suppose the time-honored saw must be answered. Are Mexicans lazy?

Mexicans are never in a hurry; they like plenty of sleep, and are much given to fiestas. But unfortunately they have to eat. Eating involves, among other things, cultivating cornfields on the top of *picos* three or four thousand feet above one's village; it involves carrying one hundred pounds thirty miles a day over a mountain trail. It involves grinding corn with a heavy stone pestle for six hours on end; it involves arising normally at dawn. On occasion Mexicans are the world's champion workers, though, being wise, they never labor any harder than necessity demands—a formula which, through the meshes of a New England upbringing, I am striving to make my own.

Americans receive their impression of the peon's laziness chiefly from plantation and mine owners. Indians have been forced, often by the most brutal methods, to give up the free village, which they love, and go to work for a boss, which they hate. In one case, to my certain knowledge, their village mango trees were cut down by a coffee planter in the night, thus starving them into peonage. Is it to be wondered that the bosses report a certain apathy? They report that higher wages will not make Indians work harder, but the contrary. According to them, a man who does not want money and the things money can buy must be lazy and probably immoral.

Time was when Tepoztlan produced tools and fine paper; when it had, in addition to copper most pre-conquest towns, a real handicraft specialty common with for exchange with other districts. During the colonial period it wove *sarapes* of tree cotton, and fabricated most of its own clothing. Today it possesses no outstanding specialty, and is the poorer for it. We shall have to turn elsewhere to follow that bright and exciting pattern known as the popular arts of Mexico. Twenty miles across the *pedregal* to Cuernavaca brings us headlong into them. Here we find Indians making hats, chairs, shoes of colored strip leather—to which even young women on Fifth Avenue are beginning to take a fancy. Tannenbaum gives us an excellent idea of regional specialization in eleven villages comprising one district in the state of Hidalgo:

> Village A, like Tepoztlan, lives primarily by agriculture.
>
> Village B, lives by agriculture and wage labor on neighboring haciendas.

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Village C, agriculture and *sarape* weaving.

Village D, agriculture, *pulque* making, fiber weaving.

Village E, the same.

Village F, is primarily a village of *arrieros,* engaged in transporting earthenware.

Village G, the same. As a secondary line, its members have gained some fame as highwaymen.

Village H, agriculture, *pulque* making and transportation. Also the manufacture of bassoons, violins and curious miniatures.

Village I, hacienda work, *pulque* making.

Village J, fishing and river crafts.

Village K, makes fireworks, with a good fiesta trade.

We might divide Mexican handicrafts into three main classes:

First, there are the articles made by the householder for his own use. These include all manner of devices and contraptions—furniture, saddles, bowls, gourds, cradles, basket work, metal work, tile, crude pottery. Most of it is quaint and comely, but there is little to excite the collector. Tepoztlan possesses handicrafts of this order. Second, there are the articles made for the tourist trade and for urban demand. Some of these are exquisite and some are inexcusable. The tendency to date has been to debase the local crafts. Fortunately there are new forces working in the opposite direction. And, last, come the articles made by the Indians for exchange in their own village markets. Here lie the popular arts in their purest form. They fulfill both a utilitarian and an esthetic function. They are normally made by a village which specializes in one particular line, and which expects, in exchange, wares and food from other villages. The items in this output constitute an important factor in regional economy. They are bought as household necessities.

The old civilizations produced marvelous crafts-men. Their pottery, though unglazed, was distinguished; their feather robes, turquoise masks, silver and gold work, wood carving, frescoes and sculptiles, embroidery, were the highest order. To this tradition the Spaniards added excellent arts of their own, notably iron work, glazed pottery, leather working, glass making. In addition, certain crafts purely Mexican, such as sombrero and *sarape* weaving, have been evolved since Cortez landed. But I am afraid that, as in the case of basic civilization, Mexican handicrafts have been slowly declining since the conquest. Working in bone and obsidian is almost gone; there are only three feather robes left in all the world—those robes which Bernal Diaz used to count by the score of man loads. Both feather painting and certain lacquer work have decayed to the point of copying the more florid variety of picture postcard.

Despite these breaches in the wall, a stroll around the typical market makes it clear that if the handicrafts are not what they were, they are still amazing enough. Their freshness and vitality cause the traveler on his return to wonder why American shop windows look so lifeless.

Perhaps we can understand why this is so by looking in at a shop where three men and two boys are making glass. Two brothers are in charge and the family has produced glass for generations. The only machine in the place is a blower, operated by a small motor, for the furnace. The raw materials are shoveled in by hand, the clay bowlfuls of dye are mixed by hand; the blowing and fashioning are done with long, hollow rods and curiously shaped pincers. Had we looked in two hundred years ago, the scene would have been identical—round, brick furnace with square apertures filled with blinding light; high, smoke-filled room retreating into velvet shadows, the stooping backs of men and boys bearing long staffs with glowing ends, like huge fireflies. . . . The master craftsman welcomes the friend who has brought us. His face lights up. "Presently I shall make something for you," he says, "something very beautiful. I have a new idea, wait and see."

We waited, and it was beautiful—a big-bellied pitcher in pale-green glass with broad flat handle, scalloped rim and spiral grooves from neck to base. With the help of one of the boys he fashioned it, from molten mass to oven, in fifteen minutes. "Nobody has ever made a pitcher like that before. Tomorrow it will be cool and you will come and get it. It is for you." To have offered him money would have been to strike him in the face. This is why glassware coming out of a factory on an endless belt misses something that only a craftsman, in a hopelessly antiquated shop, with a beautiful new idea, can give.

All over Mexico today, men and women, mostly Indians, are making the homely things which they and their neighbors need, with something of this glass blower's spirit. I do not doubt that this spirit is repeatedly crucified with dull ritual, with monotony, but enough of it breaks through to make a Oaxaca market, or such a repository as that of Mr. Frederick Davis in Mexico City, as exciting to me as any art museum. This is the kind of work which millions of these machineless men engage in, sometimes in lieu of, but far more frequently in conjunction with, their agricultural labor. In front of looms as hoary as the glass blower's shop, at cottage benches, in the frowzy, colorful courtyards of town dwellings, in the market's dust, I have seen their dexterous fingers, their timeless patience, their concentrated interest as they weave and cut and hammer something a little different from what anyone else has made. They punch no time clocks, prepare no job tickets, visit no employment office, receive no welfare work, say yessir to no boss. They work when they feel like it, stop when they feel like it, sleep when they feel like it. According to the doctrines of the Manchester School, under whose dispensation we of the north live, they are Ishmaelites, utterly beyond the pale. Yet all the masters,

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and all the men, and all the factories, and all the steam in Manchester, working day and night for one hundred and fifty years, have never produced a tithe of the excellence in human goods to be found in one holiday market in one small city in the south of Mexico. STUART CHASE.

In his concluding article, which will appear next week, Mr. Chase discusses the social pattern underlying Mexico's handicraft culture.—THE EDITORS.

Twenty-four Youngsters

HU YEH-PIN, born in 1905 of a middle-class family, was typical of the new generation of writers in China. His face was rawboned and gentle behind horn-rimmed spectacles; his career was brief and shrouded in poverty. Early in childhood he was apprenticed to a goldsmith in Foochow. He was given, each week, a few hours of leisure, during which he read the Shanghai papers, gravely meditated on the Chinese revolution, and talked with the uniformed students, whom he learned to admire. He determined to be a student himself. At the age of fifteen, he stole a pair of gold bracelets, sold them and fled to Shanghai.

His father found him there in school, forgave him (for he was a boy of unusual promise) and, by sacrificing most of the family fortune, managed to enter him in the Naval College at Tientsin. But the Naval College closed down when Hu was eighteen. He tried to attend the National University in Peking, where he was rejected because he had studied no foreign language. He supported himself by doing odd jobs for students; sometimes he read them his early poems. At twenty he published his first short stories; thirteen collections of these were to appear during the next six years, as well as two novels. His career was open before him; critics discussed the future of his work in relation to the new literature rising in the Chinese vernacular, but Hu was desperately poor. Moreover, since becoming a radical, he could not hope for the comparative security afforded by a government position: he had been dismissed from the school where he taught in Tsinan for mentioning the name of Marx to his pupils.

The doctrines of Communism appeal to something fundamental in the Chinese nature. The whole tradition of the country is collectivistic; the traces of Western individualism introduced during the last century have resulted chiefly in war lords, a few dishonest millionaires and starvation for the peasants. Communism, though mercilessly suppressed —and perhaps because of this suppression—has captured a generation of Chinese intellectuals. It is not the first time that a Western faith has spread through China. Something of the sort happened eighty years ago, when the doctrines of primitive Christianity were preached so vehemently by a poor Chinese schoolmaster that they won millions of converts. The result was the Tai-ping Rebellion, one of the bloodiest civil wars of modern times. Primitive Christianity was thought to be dangerous; it was extirpated from China by armies under the command of a Western Christian. The Communist movement is now being attacked in the same fashion by the armies, the spies and the executioners of the Nanking government.

Hu Yeh-pin had become a Communist. He began to associate with writers like himself, undernourished young men with faces grave beyond their years, who translated books from the German, Russian or English, and planned ambitious novels in the intervals between fleeing from the police and organizing strikes among the factory hands of the Yangtze Valley. They took themselves seriously; on their shoulders they felt the whole burden of creating a new China. On January 17 they held a secret meeting at the Eastern Hotel in the International Settlement of Shanghai. Twenty-four Communists were present; five of them, including Hu, were writers. There was Li Wei-sen, an essayist and biographer who had spent two years in Moscow; there were two novelists and a talented poet; there was Feng Keng, a woman writer of talent and obstinate courage whose character suggests that of Mary Wollstonecraft or Mary Shelley. The oldest of the five was twenty-nine, the youngest twenty-one. They were, in a sense, the flower of their generation. All were arrested by the British police and turned over to the Chinese military authorities for trial and execution.

They were not granted the mercy of being killed immediately. For twenty days they were tortured, in the hope that they would reveal the names and hiding places of their comrades. The lives of perhaps a hundred people depended on their silence. None of them spoke. At midnight on February 7, the twenty-four were marched from their cells under orders from the Shanghai-Woosung garrison commander and forced to dig their own graves.

The story of their death is taken from an appeal issued by the Left Wing Writers of China. Naïve and doctrinaire in phrasing, the document retains an air of ghastly precision; and there seems no reason to doubt the facts set forth. The authorities intended to bury the prisoners alive; Li Wei-sen and four others were so buried, but the task was too slow for the execution squad. The nineteen that remained were stood at the edge of the shallow pit and shot down, their bodies tumbling on their buried friends. Another prisoner has described the execution. He heard the twenty-four youngsters as they marched to the execution ground, all singing "The International"; he heard the voices continue above the clank of shovels. There was a volley of shots and a lonely voice still singing; then came another volley. Perhaps Hu Yeh-pin, the goldsmith's apprentice of Foochow, was the one whose voice died slowly away after the third volley.

That was five months ago, but the campaign of extermination against Chinese writers still continues.

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A vigorous and hopeful generation is being butchered off. There is, however, less singing at executions. Singing is considered to be a form of propaganda dangerous to the government, which has accordingly adopted new tactics. It is reported in letters from China that prisoners now have their tongues cut out before being led through the streets to face a firing squad or kneel in ranks to a Chinese headsman. MALCOLM COWLEY.

Washington Notes

The Moratorium—Making Political Capital—The Extra Session Again—Chances for Reëlection

IT IS INVARIABLY dangerous to be prematurely sanguine over matters requiring international coöperation, and it is, therefore, with considerable fear that I touch upon Mr. Hoover's moratorium plan for war debts and reparations. As I write, the ultimate attitude of France is still uncertain and, by the time this dispatch appears, various developments not now foreseen may have—and probably will have—occurred.

However, the safest course for me in the present case is to discuss the political and not the economic phases of this extraordinary state of affairs. What I want to say first of all is that while it was perhaps inevitable for the Republican party to take all credit for the action of their President, I doubt that it is a smart thing to do. Mr. Hoover's proposal comes in a crisis, and he has received whole-hearted coöperation and support from progressive leaders, such as Senator Borah, from various Democrats of importance both in the business and political world and from practically every newspaper of importance regardless of political predilections.

Under these circumstances the effort of certain of the cheaper administration politicians to stress the partisan advantage is sordid, narrow and, I think, stupid. It is particularly unfortunate when the fate of the proposal seems still undecided and the world's business swings in the balance. But that sort of thing is typical of a certain type of politician, and it is a regrettable fact that there are so many of that type in positions of greater or less prominence in the Republican party. It is one of the basic reasons why so little can be expected of that party.

However, in the interest of fairness, I should add that the cheapness of these Republican organization "leaders" who have tried to make political capital of Hoover's plan is in some degree matched by one or two blatant Democratic demagogues who, wholly incapable of grasping the serious nature of the situation, burst into print with senseless denunciations of the President and the idea. I am glad to say that they were few in number and entirely unimportant so far as their influence goes.

Far more typical of Democratic support was the attitude of Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, who has been one of the most caustic critics of Hoover in the Senate. Senator Harrison's visit to the President, his ringing endorsement of the plan and straightforward pledge of coöperation in the Senate, struck what will impress the average American as being the right key for a representative of the minority party in a situation of such gravity. That sort of attitude, it seems to me, is not only sound patriotism but extremely good politics. Moreover, I thought Senator Harrison's suggestion to the President that he call Congress in session early in November, in order that action on the plan should not be unnecessarily delayed by the difficulties of organizing an evenly divided House, was sensible and pertinent.

It is true that the mere suggestion of an extra session has heretofore appalled Mr. Hoover. He has stiffened at the mention of the words and repeatedly put himself on record as believing that calling Congress before the normal date would retard business recovery. Without going into the merits of this notion, it does seem worth while to point out that conditions have changed and that, even from his original point of view, the argument has shifted. If the ratification by Congress of the moratorium plan will stabilize conditions in Europe, the sooner it is done the better.

Convening Congress a month earlier should not alarm the "business interests" or "retard economic recovery," particularly as the thirty days would be mainly devoted to a plan for economic recovery which the "business interests" and the newspapers support. It seems to me that Mr. Hoover should jump at Senator Harrison's suggestion. During those thirty days there would be no hostile anti-administration majority, and Hoover could obtain prompt action on his plan and avoid attack from those who have been urging an extra session for other purposes.

However, the report that Mr. Hoover did not show himself in the least receptive to Harrison's suggestion for an extra session seems pretty well substantiated. He is a curious, unyielding creature, this President Hoover, and one of the reasons for his lack of success in a number of instances since he entered the White House is a lack of flexibility which prevents him from compromising when a compromise is not only legitimate and inexpensive but sound, sane and right.

Of course, it can be said that in proposing this moratorium Mr. Hoover not only reverses his own policy, but also reverses the policy of the two preceding Republican Presidents. In fact he almost reverts to Wilson's doctrine—a doctrine of debt reduction and reparations adjustment which has been defended since Wilson's time by such followers as Newton D. Baker and Bernard M. Baruch. The explanation of Hoover's reversal is twofold—first, that it was a crisis which compelled action, and no other action was possible; and second, that Mr. Hoover, like Mr. Hughes, Mr. Taft, Mr. Root and many other pillars of the Republican party, started out as a League of Nations man with the international-coöperation point of view.

As to the political effect of Hoover's plan, I think it is rather absurd to talk dogmatically about it at this stage of the proceedings. It is, of course, the biggest and best thing he has done since he has been in the White House, but it does not alter the fact that his political fortunes still depend almost entirely upon the degree to which business will have recovered, unemployment waned and distress diminished by next year.

If, as a result of the moratorium, conditions are measurably improved and we are perceptibly on the upgrade, then I do not believe anyone can doubt that Hoover's

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chances of reëlection will be greatly improved. The temper of the people will change toward him and his prestige will be largely restored, though I do not believe the superman, miracle-worker attitude toward him will ever be cherished again. On the other hand, if things slip and sag, if it takes the world much longer than a year to recover, if by next summer there are still millions out of work and the slump is still on, the enthusiastic support of Mr. Hoover aroused by his initiative in this situation will have disappeared, and he will be about where he was politically two weeks ago—or even lower than that, if possible. It all depends upon how successful his plan is and how quickly success comes.

Washington. T. R. B.

This Is What We Did

Men and Memories, by William Rothenstein. New York: Coward-McCann. 389 pages. $5.

READING in Italy such a book as this by Sir William Rothenstein, I am struck with how many goings-on are needed by some of our Nordic races. They are so deep and thoughtful that innumerable week-ends, jaunts over countrysides, trips here and there, days at home, teas, suppers, walks, et cetera, are necessary. It is a great contrast to these lighter Italians whose habits take such a simple outline, and who live without the intricate social network that underlies the memoirs of this English artist. Weaving around with him, I found myself at times stung with a bitter question; I asked myself whether in this system it is not so much that we know the men by their fruits, which still seems to me a good way, as that we know their fruits by the men.

There is a second and more gentle thought, more troubling also to one living in the midst of our American world. You cannot but reflect on the warm and fertile matrix that life provided these artists with whom this book is concerned. They saw each other, they saw their older masters, they were fed by the life around them. This is less true in Europe today, but even now we must compare the artist in our own country with his like in Europe. More money is here, more success in that whirling American sense; but the fact remains that the artist swims, if not against, at least apart from the current. Little there is to carry him along in any profound respect. And now even those somewhat cheap little cliques and literary gangs that New York sang three or four years ago are largely shrunk into their own fatuities, failures or rich and fat despairs. At any rate, it is true that these artists of "Men and Memories" worked as hard—in any real sense—as ours do, and at the same time enjoyed themselves much more.

And for that matter, people in those days, that epoch around the nineties, enjoyed their artists more. An artist was an artist then, long hair and nails, or wayward habits, little fantasies in morals or commerce, deliciously peculiar and difficult temperaments. The artist just then was not very bitter to chew on, perhaps; none of that great reproach and sting and fire that belong to the greatest art. Everybody could writhe and hope, champion and scandalize together, and the *vie de Bohème* had its own kind of reality.

On the whole, this volume of recollections is unsatisfactory. It begins with the artist's birth in 1872 and carries us down to 1900, so that we may assume a companion volume still to come. The first portions of the book are tame enough. There is no use remembering that there was a house down the road where we used to walk with my uncle, unless you have something to say or to feel about the instance. One has only to see Yeats' recollections to know what can be wrought in such material. All through Rothenstein there are people and houses or scenes that are "fascinating"; but to leave it at that is mere studio or café patter. Since he is a painter, the author will know exactly what I mean when I say that his book lacks drawing; it never decides what is the form, line or theme of the subject matter. For people who feel good when they are in the company of cultural names, Rodin came in, Whistler was giving a dinner, Conder, John and myself were with Verlaine, and so forth; these pages are excellent. And for those specially interested in the period and in painting and literary history, "Men and Memories" affords a great many genuinely valuable details. Like Rothenstein's drawings, this writing has a stubborn sort of honesty and tinge of platitude, though, of course, never the same chance of distinction—the very fine drawing of Charles Ricketts, for example, reproduced in this volume. And the gift for circulation and friendship that this artist plainly possesses has carried him far and wide, and has filled the book with a remarkable range of contacts and first-hand record. In several spots this record is good enough to be, if the passages are quoted by themselves, quite misleading as to the rest of the book:

> Moreover, Degas' character was more austere and uncompromising than Whistler's. Compared with Degas, Whistler seemed almost worldly in many respects. Indeed, Degas was the only man of whom Whistler was a little afraid. "Whistler, you behave as though you have no talent," Degas had said once to him; and again when Whistler, chin high, monocle in his eye, frock-coated, top-hatted, and carrying a tall cane, walked triumphantly into a restaurant where Degas was sitting: "Whistler, you've forgotten your muff."

The notes on Aubrey Beardsley are copious and admirable, and in one paragraph Beardsley is brought to bear on Burne-Jones to fine purpose:

> Beardsley was too intelligent not to recognize the stature of an artist like Burne-Jones. He knew well that a little master was all he, or any of us, could aspire to be; we were too interested in every aspect of the visible world, had still too much faith in what life had to offer us, to understand the wistful vision of a painter who too loved the visible world, the great hills, the valleys through which flowed rivers reflecting earth and sky, and fields bright with flowers; but one whom the sordidness of life saddened and bewildered.

The best of the many recollections of Whistler is this:

> We had been dining at the Hôtel du Bon Lafontaine; after dinner Whistler proposed we should go to the studio. We walked to the rue Notre Dame des Champs. Climbing the stairs we found the studio in darkness. Whistler lighted a single candle. He had been gay enough during dinner, but now he became very quiet and intent, as though he forgot me. Turn-

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ing a canvas that faced the wall, he examined it carefully up and down, with the candle held near it, and then did the like with some others, peering closely into each. There was something tragic, almost frightening, as I stood and waited, in watching Whistler; he looked suddenly old, as he held the candle with trembling hands, and stared at his work, while our shapes threw restless, fantastic shadows, all around us. As I followed him down the stairs I realized that even Whistler must often have felt his heart heavy with the sense of failure. A letter to Fantin-Latour, published long after, in which he regretted that, while still a student, he had not learned to draw like Ingres, reminded me vividly of what I had seen that night.

There are notes on Shaw, Monet, Manet, Rodin, the Goncourts, Oscar Wilde, Swinburne, Sargent and others, most of which are not carried to any penetration of importance; though the statement of Sargent's case, except for one silly and defeating point at the end, is excellent.

> We all acknowledged his immense accomplishment as a painter to be far beyond anything of which we were capable. But the disparity between his gifts and our own we were inclined to discount, thinking that we had qualities that somehow placed us among the essential artists, while he, in spite of his great gifts, remained outside the charmed circle. I was used to hearing both Whistler and Degas speak disparagingly of Sargent's work; even Helleu, Boldini and Gandara regarded him more as a brilliant executant than as an artist of high rank.
>
> [Sargent] drew with his brush, beginning with the shadows, and gradually evolving his figure from the background by means of large, loose volumes of shadow, half tones and light, regardless of features or refinements of form, finally bringing the masses of light and shade closer together, and thus assembling the figure. . . . He could indicate hands and heads and figures with surprising felicity; but he too often failed to reveal the solidity and radiance of form. . . . I felt that something was lacking in Sargent. He was like a hungry man with a superb digestion, who need not be too particular what he eats. Sargent's unappeased appetite for work allowed him to paint everything and anything without selection, anywhere, at any time. . . . In London his warmest admirers were the wealthy Jews . . . he admired and thoroughly enjoyed painting the energetic features of the men, and the exotic beauty of the women of Semitic race. He urged me to paint Jews, as being at once the most interesting models and the most reliable patrons. . . . There was neither flattery nor satire in his portraits; his problem was to make his work visually convincing. Not for him any short cuts; his integrity was unquestionable. And yet in his brilliant rendering of the men and women who sat to him, he seemed to miss something of the mystery of life. I remember how this sense of the dramatic element of good portraiture came on me one day when looking at photographs of Titian's and Giorgione's portraits of young men, so proud in their bearing, and from whom death, I suddenly felt, was never far off. But what relation have Sargent's men and women to the drama of life and death? . . . after all . . . the qualities I missed in his painting were qualities he did not particularly admire in others.

We get then some good notes on Sargent's world, his collections, his wide tastes, his music. And then this astonishing conclusion: "On the other hand, when he gave up portrait painting to devote himself solely to his Boston decorations, he showed unworldliness and a touching desire to escape from the slavery of the model-stand; but his shortcomings were at once revealed. The American element in his nature asserted itself—." We might let the point pass, no doubt—to every man his little orgy of imbecility. But it may be worth saying that, on the contrary, if we want to go in for these analyses and spiritual prescriptions, first, it is more or less hazy to think of Sargent as an American, so much of Europe was he in every sense, and second, that nothing would have helped Sargent more than to be stung—or to be able to be stung—by certain elements that appear in the American George Bellows at his best or in Maurice Sterne. The biting method of that Bellows landscape in the Metropolitan or of the even finer landscape in the Worcester Museum, the style, the fresh poetry, the wayward, clear mind! Or what might have happened in the world if Sargent could have added to his brilliant, unsatisfying powers something of the almost mystical finality of Maurice Sterne's drawing, the finest in our time, or something of that penetration, quiet and allegory of the Anticoli landscape, for example, in the Lewisohn collection!

Some of these same qualities, carried into writing, would have helped Sir William's memories.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

What Prevents Good Housing?

SIR: When I wrote on "The Flaw in the Mechanical House," I had the impression that Mr. Douglas Haskell and myself were on the same side of the fence. My object was not to demolish his argument in favor of the economies and beauties of the manufactured house, but to show what further steps must be taken *at the same time* if the various efficiencies it promised were to be fully realized. I had hoped that Mr. Haskell had merely forgotten some of the other important factors in the problem of housing: now I regret to find that he wishes deliberately to ignore them. Since he insists on the short view and the narrow view, he leaves me, alas! no alternative but to jump to the other side of the fence and show how very short and narrow and inadequate those views are.

In my article in The New Republic of June 3, I pointed out that the savings on the unit-manufactured house were less than it would seem, for the cost of the bare shell is but a small part of the cost of housing, and the cost of the complete house is still, at most, only 60 percent of the total cost. Mr. Haskell does not refute this point; but he believes that the manufactured house "can be financed as cars and radios are, with an enormous expansion of credit and increased independence of the land." In his elaboration of this statement, Mr. Haskell makes several interesting and valid points; but they have nothing to do with the process of manufacture as such. One of them is that the multitude of credit operations and contractual agreements

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that harass the individual owner when he wishes to put up a house should be done away with. I agree. The all-in-one payment is not unknown in large-scale housing: the City Housing Corporation in Sunnyside Gardens and in Radburn has operated it very successfully, not merely in the sale of the house but in providing for the permanent communal upkeep of the grounds.

The benefit to be achieved here does not depend upon the house's being factory-built: it demands a central organization and management in large units. Such an organization of housing, which permits a single corporate body, private or municipal, to buy, control and develop a large tract of land, and to take advantage of wholesale prices and standardized procedures in the actual building, is essential. Its great advantage over direction from the factory alone is that it is capable of uniting community planning and house design in the same operation. The real difficulty in providing for such enterprises is to turn credit into the channels of housing. How does Mr. Haskell propose to do this in the factory-built house?

Mr. Haskell brings forward the example of the motor car. But he ignores the essential difference in the two commodities. The manufacturer of the automobile advances credit on his own product alone. Now a five-room house, even if the cost could be cut drastically by complete rationalization, would sell for between eighteen and twenty-six hundred dollars *by itself:* this means four to six times the price of a cheap motor car, and from ten to thirty times the price of a radio set during the inflation period. In the case of the motor car, however, the manufacturer does not have to advance credit on garages and on motor roads: but with the house, the cost of the site, the physical utilities and the communal improvements all enter into the final cost of housing. Will the manufacturer take over this part of the cost of housing and duly subsidize it at a low rate of interest? Unless he will, he cannot solve the problem of the *"Existenzminimum"* house.

As for Mr. Haskell's second point—that the manufactured house will be more independent of the land—it is without foundation. Does he think that the temporary nature or mobility of the manufactured house would upset the law of rent? In settled areas, with well organized municipal services, the original cost of the land is only part of its total cost: water mains, sewers, paved roads, transportation systems, connections to gas mains and electric mains, again, must be computed in the final cost of the house. One cannot avoid these costs by moving elsewhere, even if the manufactured house gives one the privilege of putting house as well as furniture into a moving van. If Mr. Haskell means that the manufactured house will increase the tendency to exploit relatively cheap and completely unimproved land remote from urban centers, he is counting on a temporary condition; once such a movement becomes general, the rising rent of land will quickly catch up with it—and the cost of improvements has, after all, only been deferred. What he means is that the manufactured house will for a time create—as the motor car has done—the illusion of independence of the land. The housing problem will not be solved by fostering such illusions.

So far, I have been examining Mr. Haskell's one-sided presentation on the basis of its practicability. But to reduce the cost of the house is one thing; to improve the quality at the same time is equally important; to make the manufactured house available to the great mass of the population, now condemned to live in a mean, sordid, unhygienic, sightsore environment is even more important. That greater rationalization in the factory will help reduce part of the cost of housing I do not deny: I granted this in my first article and I say it again. But Mr. Haskell is almost as skittish as the old-fashioned bourgeois housing reformer in his refusal to admit that good housing will not be available to the ordinary unskilled worker or the farmer without one of two things—a subsidy or a large rise in income. His trust in the ability of the house manufacturer to overcome this condition by cheapening one part of the cost of housing is a blank refusal to face the facts. That is not a flaw in the mechanical house, but a flaw in single-track thinking.

Does this mean that I propose to offer a social program as an *alternative* to the manufactured house? Far from it. The housing problem cannot be solved by a subsidy alone, by equalization of income alone, by large-scale organization alone, by intelligent community planning alone —any more than it can be solved by factory standardization alone: all these conditions must be integrated in a comprehensive program. It was precisely against the habit of singling out one aspect of a situation and attempting to work out an ingenious solution for only a part of the problem that my criticism of "The House of the Future" has essentially been directed. One does not have to reject the obvious mechanical advantages of the motor car, for instance, to see that in our unseemly haste to build them and sell them, we have ignored important factors in highway development, have wasted millions of dollars in roads that will have to be rerouted and designed upon different principles, have muffed the possibility of using the motor car as a decentralizing agent, and have caused a staggering yearly loss of life, partly through our carelessness and ineptitude in these matters—all failures which seriously diminish its benefits. If the perfection of the automobile had been accompanied by relevant social thought, policy and action, we could cheerfully have postponed some of its mechanical improvements: the total efficiency of the motor car in use would have been many times greater.

Now, the whole animus of our present society is to limit thought and activity to the financial and mechanical aspects, and to ignore, as Mr. Haskell persists in doing, the necessary social, political and geotechnic factors. Mr. Haskell's assertion that we should begin to think about social policy and community planning *after* the manufacturer has conceived and designed and manufactured unit-houses without regard for any of these matters, not only betrays an unwillingness to deal with the situation as a whole: it shows a failure to realize that the technical design itself does not exist in a platonic heaven, but must necessarily profit or lose by the social environment we provide for the manufactured house. Such one-sided thinking would be deplorable enough in a business man; it is nothing short of disastrous in a critic. If the critic cannot afford the "luxury" of distinguishing between the valid and the mischievous consequences of an invention, a policy, a procedure, if he cannot afford the "luxury" of a comprehensive and exhaustive view of a problem, where can one expect such views to come from? When an able critic like Mr. Haskell

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shuts his eyes in such a situation, who can blame the rest of the world for snoring? I still hope Mr. Haskell will open his eyes and jump over to my side of the fence.

Amenia, N. Y. LEWIS MUMFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Senator Couzens Objects

SIR: There are several statements in the article by Jesse Rainsford Sprague, "Big Business and Banditry," in The New Republic of June 10, which I feel are incorrect. On page 88 he says, "Recently I read the proceedings of what is called the 'Ford tax suit' brought by Senator Couzens to compel the refund of some millions of dollars paid to the government." There is the least excuse I know of for this misstatement, because there were articles in the press of the nation for months and even years about the famous suit that the Treasury Department brought against Ford minority stockholders for alleged deficiencies in taxes This suit was instituted as a reprisal against me for my attack upon the Treasury Department, but they had to go after all of the other minority stockholders so as to reach me.

Second, perhaps the strongest additional criticism I might desire to make would be of his statement: "Just recently I asked a Ford executive why Mr. Ford and Senator Couzens adopted their 'quota' policy back in 1913. He replied it was because a great many of the early Ford dealers were ex-blacksmiths or ex-bicycle repairers who drifted into the automobile business on account of their abilities as mechanics." No one can verify that statement, because no one can locate the "Ford executive" who is alleged to have made the statement. The point is that the facts are not true, because a great many of the early Ford dealers were not ex-blacksmiths or ex-bicycle repairers.

Third, there is another wrong inference, consisting of the reference to the Ford dealers as merchants in the sense that they were like other merchants, simply buying and selling merchandise. These Ford dealers had exclusive contracts in 1913 and they were required to sell a "quota" of cars in order to retain the exclusive sales agency. It was not a simple merchandising proposition, but an agency proposition. This and other statements in the article are misleading, primarily for the above-named reasons.

Washington, D. C. JAMES COUZENS.

SIR: Referring to Senator Couzens' objections to my recent article, "Big Business and Banditry," I regret having given the impression that Senator Couzens sued the government, when as a matter of fact it was the government that sued Senator Couzens.

Other points which Senator Couzens brings up are so frivolous as hardly to be taken seriously. I could mention some early Ford dealers who were ex-blacksmiths and ex-bicycle repairers; and I could give details of my interview with the Ford man who told me the "quota" was established to make better merchants out of them; but it doesn't seem worth while.

Senator Couzens mentions only one matter of importance. In my article I condemned the "quota" because I do not believe a manufacturer has the right to dictate to the people of any community how much of his product they must buy. Senator Couzens believes a manufacturer has that right if he works through what the Senator terms "an agency proposition." He says in his letter: "These Ford dealers had exclusive contracts in 1913 and they were required to sell a quota."

I am afraid I cannot share the Senator's viewpoint.

New York City. JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE.

The Muse in the Kindergarten

SIR: Seeing the charming collection of children's poems in a recent issue of The New Republic, I felt inspired to send the following bit, said to me by my daughter Joann, then aged two years—(now about two and a half):

Hear the wind!
The wind is a doggie behind the house;
The wind is a big doggie up in the trees!

We were in a cottage, on a hill, among the pines. I am sure she will not mind if I offer it, with our compliments.

J. S. S.

Dixfield, Maine.

Tyranny in Croatia

SIR: The appeal of the German League for the Rights of Man, addressed recently to the international headquarters of the League at Paris, and signed jointly by Albert Einstein and Heinrich Mann, regarding the failure of the Jugoslav government to prosecute the assassin of the Croatian scholar, Dr. Milan Sufflay, and demanding protection of the dictator-ridden Croatia, has startled a large section of American public opinion into a certain amount of attention to what is happening in the Balkan kingdom of Alexander Karageorgievich.

Since January 6, 1929, King Alexander rules as an absolute monarch by the grace of the army, the police and, last but not least, the Quai d'Orsay. In the official adulations they call him savior of the country and heir to the "Slav traditions" of Russian Tsars. By salaried agents he is even hailed as the future emperor of the Balkans. The compliment of Tsarism is, of course, 100-percent deserved.

Not only have all representative bodies been dissolved, from the parliament down to the council of the smallest village commune, but also all civil liberties have been suppressed, taxes increased, collected and spent, new debts contracted, and all this done without any degree of popular assent. A rigidly uniform political and social belief is forced upon all groups of the population, distinct by culture, history and race, under the threat of physical extirpation of all opponents, inclusive of law-abiding and non-violent dissenters. The assassinated historian Sufflay was a peaceful resister, as are nearly all of the aged or the middle-aged generation of Croatian intelligentsia. The younger generation is, of course, adapting itself to the new environment in a way which runs counter to the expectations of the dictator. He thinks that our disappearance is a historical necessity.

It would be, meanwhile, a conceit on the part of Croatians to believe that the absolutism has been devised exclusively to hold down the Croat movement. The Jugoslav monarchy is not only a reactionary regime of the pan-Serb party, it is essentially a war regime. Economic exploitation, general political repression, from which the Serbian democratic elements are not exempt, and the Serbianization of non-Serbs are the means employed to transform the country into a vast military camp. Stephen Radich was not only a Croatian leader. He was before all a war-resister. His assassination, in 1928, formed a preliminary step to the inauguration of the dictatorship

Officially, Jugoslavia is a defender of the existing treaties of peace. She is a "pacifist" country. Everybody is supposed to be a pacifist today, just as a few centuries ago everybody was supposed to be a Christian, both with a due allowance for discrepancy between words and works. With a territory increased fivefold since 1912, the Serbian ruling class is not yet sated. Jugoslavia is flooded by a propaganda of conquest, commanded by the monarchy and fed solely from the treasury. According to the ideology underlying this propaganda, Serbia has been endowed by God with a special "attractive power." This attractive power is so high that, after having "attracted" Croatians and Slovenians, it must attract others. These others are: Albania, Bulgaria, Saloniki and, perhaps, Trieste.

Nobody can foretell whether the Jugoslav army will or will not be called upon to "defend" the peace treaties. But certain it is that the commanders of this army will do everything in order to get a chance for exerting their "attractive power" in the directions indicated.

That is why every support extended to the liberative efforts of the oppressed Balkan peoples—oppressed, at the same time, by dynastic ambitions, militarist organizations and foreign imperialisms—is praiseworthy support given to the cause of international peace.

DR. L. D. KEZMAN,
Croatian member of the
former parliament of Jugoslavia.

New York City.

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Resources of the Spirit

The Letters of John Keats, edited by Maurice Buxton Forman. New York: Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 607 pages. $14.

NO PUBLICATION on Keats could be more acceptable just now than a complete edition of his letters. It was high time for someone to include in a definitive edition the correspondence discovered in recent years, and there is no one who could have done this more appropriately than the present editor, a son of Harry Buxton Forman. For over forty years the elder Mr. Forman worked at the task of making all evidence on Keats available by collecting new materials, revising the old in the light of fresh discoveries and publishing and republishing the letters and poems in notable standard editions. It was Mr. Forman who first made public the poet's delightfully human letters to his sister Fanny, and who had the courage to print, in the face of considerable Victorian criticism, the love letters to Fanny Brawne. This editor never considered his work finished, and when he died in 1917 he left a quantity of revised and new materials designed for still further editions. Maurice Buxton Forman has gone on from where his father left off, and, making use of all possible new data, has been able to give us the most complete and valuable printing of the letters up to this time.

Keats wrote remarkable letters. Shelley once reminded young Henry Reveley of a bargain they had made. "You are to write me uncorrected letters, just as the words come," he said; "I like coin from the mint, though it may be a little rough at the edges." Keats's letters were like this, struck fresh from a glowing mind, with no blemish of affectation or reserve. Their great value is that they give us so much authentic knowledge of the life and sensations of a man who, born to be a poet, with a tendency to dwell apart in imaginative realms of his own, was yet a very wise and alert citizen of the everyday world. To read these letters for the first time is to discover a new Keats: a witty, chatty, sensitive human being, a solicitous and loyal friend and brother, a sympathetic observer of men and the world about him, a sagely philosophic commentator on his own poetry, on questions of his art, and on some of the vexing, unsolved problems of existence. They show him, too, a lover, who, tormented with doubts and, in the end, with the certainties of unfulfilled passion, wrote a language of anguish at times almost too painful to be borne. In addition, the letters, themselves often rising to pure poetry, give continual new meaning to the poems. What Keats put into verse, he was forever writing about to his friends, and many a hard passage in the poetry is made understandable through some lucid unpremeditated utterance in prose.

When the Fanny Brawne correspondence was first published, Matthew Arnold declared that these letters read like the love letters of a surgeon's apprentice, and Coventry Patmore charged that there was nothing in them which deserved "a much better name than lust," that there was no trace of "the singing robes of love" which should characterize the expression of such feelings by a "man of splendid imagination like Keats." There is, however, something quite above vulgarity and lust in these letters. One thing they show is that with Keats love and beauty are closely related. "Why may I not speak of your Beauty," he wrote, "since without that I could never have loved you?—I cannot conceive any beginning of such love as I have for you but Beauty." And again, "All my thoughts, my unhappiest days and nights, have, I find, not at all cured me of my love of Beauty, but made it so intense that I am miserable that you are not with me." At other times Keats writes to Miss Brawne things less loverlike, but full of suggestion as to the kind of man he was:

> I was alone for a couple of months while Brown went gadding over the country with his ancient knapsack. Now I like his society as well as any Man's, yet regretted his return—it broke in upon me like a Thunderbolt. I had got in a dream among my Books—really luxuriating in a solitude and silence you alone should have disturb'd.

Self-revealing passages like this are found throughout the letters. It would be pleasant to quote from them at length, but two or three extracts must suffice. An excellent bit of self-criticism, indicative of the trend of Keats's creative mind in early 1818, occurs in a newly published letter to Haydon:

> In Endymion I think you may have many bits of the deep and sentimental cast—the nature of *Hyperion* will lead me to treat it in a more naked and grecian Manner—and the march of passion and endeavour will be undeviating—and one great contrast between them will be—that the Hero of the written tale being mortal is led on, like Buonaparte, by circumstances; whereas the Apollo in Hyperion—being a fore-seeing God will shape his actions like one.

Another passage, from a new fragment (there are in this edition 230 letters and parts of letters as against the former total of 217), the inside sheet of a letter to Bailey, now recovered "through help from America" after being lost for over a hundred years, is of particular interest as corroborating other evidence in Keats of anti-aristocratic leanings and intense hatred of injustice. Keats is writing to his friend Bailey in response to news of some wrong at the hands of no less a person than the Bishop of Lincoln. The tone is one of vigorous invective:

> It must be shocking to find in a sacred Profession such barefaced oppression and impertinence—The Stations and Grandeurs of the World have taken it into their heads that they cannot commit themselves towards an inferior in rank—but is not the impertinence from one above to one below more wickedly mean than from the low to the high? There is something so nauseous in self-willed yawning impudence in the shape of conscience—it sinks the Bishop of Lincoln into a smashed frog putrefying: that a rebel against common decency should escape the Pillory! That a mitre should cover a Man guilty of the most coxcombical, tyrannical and indolent impertinence! I repeat this word for the offence appears to me most especially *impertinent*—and a very serious return would be the Rod—Yet doth he sit in his Palace. Such is this World—and we live—you have surely in a continual struggle against the suffocation of accidents—we must bear (and my Spleen is mad at the thought thereof) the Proud Mans Contumely.

In a different temper the young poet would have been more philosophic, as when he wrote to Reynolds, "Why don't you, as I do, look unconcerned at what may be called more particularly Heart-vexations? They never surprise me—lord! a man should have the fine point of his soul taken off to become fit for this world"; or when he remarked to Bailey, "The first thing that strikes me on hearing a Misfortune having befallen another is this—'Well

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it cannot be helped—he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit!'" But Keats was a man of variety in mood and thought. He died with his mind still unsettled about many things which had long been subjects of inner conflict. He was trying hard, however, to understand his world, to know and master himself and to put his great powers to their best uses. In their simple communicative sincerity the letters furnish the best record of this unique poetic life, and we are grateful to Mr. Forman for having placed so fine an edition of them at our disposal.

C. D. THORPE.

That Splendid Little War

The Martial Spirit, by Walter Millis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 427 pages. $4.

IT WAS John Hay who called our fistic encounter with Spain a "splendid little war." Only from the standpoint of caricature is this description true. As Mr. Millis ably points out, the Spanish-American War was the result of deliberate misrepresentation and propaganda, carried on for the benefit of politicians, newspaper publishers and business interests. The war was conducted with incredible inefficiency by our army and navy, and it was concluded upon terms which bore little relation to its avowed cause, the "freedom" of Cuba.

Had it not been for the popular belief that Spain had cruelly misgoverned Cuba, it is doubtful whether the newspapers and politicians could have led the American people to demand war. Mr. Millis shows, however, that many stories of Spanish atrocities were either false or distorted and that on the Sunday before McKinley's famous message to Congress, Spain accepted "absolutely everything" demanded by the United States. The destruction of the "Maine" had its effect upon American opinion; but no evidence has been adduced to show that the Spanish government was responsible for the destruction. According to this volume, the real "cause" of the Spanish-American War was the desire of a group of imperialists, led by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, and abetted by William Randolph Hearst, to expand the boundaries of the United States and in schoolboy fashion to thrash an enemy just to demonstrate to the outside world our newly acquired strength. Our imperialists felt no sportsmanlike misgivings about attacking a nation as weak as Spain. They unleashed the lion; it pounced on a mouse.

Messrs. Pulitzer and Hearst, then engaged in a deadly rivalry, were not so much interested in expanding boundaries as in selling newspapers. Following The New York Journal's shriek that the "Maine" had been blown up by "an Enemy's Secret Infernal Machine," The Journal's circulation passed the million mark. And upon the outbreak of war, "when the navy fitted out a vessel as a hospital ship, she was immediately stormed by whole battalions of reporters, who calculated that, as she would have to hurry from the scene of battle to land the wounded, she would be the first to reach the telegraph wires." When Secretary of the Navy Long kept them off, The World, The Journal and the press associations chartered their own squadrons; and Mr. Hearst, "sailing as admiral of his own navy, was to take personal command of his forces in the presence of the enemy." By April 26, The World was selling 1,300,000 copies a day. Even the sedate Atlantic Monthly responded to the tempo of the times by printing an American flag on its cover.

A high-minded man who desired peace, President McKinley had a fatal defect—he was weak. Confronted by newspaper hysteria and the agitation of the politicians, he finally gave way. But although the jingoists got the upper hand, their victory was by no means complete. Grover Cleveland, Senator Hoar, Tsar Reed, Mr. Gillette, E. L. Godkin and Moorfield Storey, all were opposed to fighting Spain. Had a stronger man been President, or had American opinion been better informed, it seems likely that the war would never have occurred.

It is a sorry picture Mr. Millis paints of some of our national heroes, and the picture of Theodore Roosevelt is the sorriest of all. Mr. Millis shows how Roosevelt, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, schemed to bring about the annexation of the Philippines months before war was declared. When it came, a special act of Congress allowed Roosevelt to organize his Rough Riders, and Mr. Millis cryptically states that Mr. Roosevelt's command figured so largely that at times "it almost seemed to be the war and one might have supposed that the whole scheme had been primarily to display Mr. Roosevelt's remarkable qualities before an admiring nation." At Tampa, he forcibly seized for his own troops a transport which had been allotted to other regiments. At Las Guasimas Roosevelt and General Wheeler outwitted their rivals for the honor of striking the first blow—in an action which not only was unnecessary, according to Mr. Millis, but which seriously embarrassed the plan for the main advance. Some time later, disturbed at the danger of yellow fever to the American troops in Cuba, Mr. Roosevelt went over the heads of his superiors, and gave to the newspapers an alarming statement on the prostrate condition of the American troops. Instead of being court-martialed for this action, Mr. Roosevelt received credit for saving the Fifth Corps from extinction and was subsequently elected Governor of New York.

Five months before the outbreak of war, President McKinley had promised, "I speak not of forcible annexation, for that cannot be thought of. That, by our code of morality, would be criminal aggression." And yet a war which was fought ostensibly to free Cuba from an imperialistic rule ended with our annexation of Porto Rico and the Philippines. Before the process was completed, we were obliged to fight a war with the Filipinos, after neatly double-crossing their leader, Aguinaldo. Our appetite whetted by our victory over Spain, we next applied the big-stick policy to Panama, and to Nicaragua. The Spanish War demonstrates (as does the World War) that however elevated a goal may be, war is not the instrument by which that goal should be attained. Unloosing brutal instincts, it leads to abuses far greater than those which it sets out to cure.

At the risk of being ungenerous, it may be pointed out that Mr. Millis has paid too little attention to the economic causes of the Spanish-American War. Moreover, had he made use of Cuban writers such as Saco, Rodriguez and Sanchez y Guerra, his interpretations might have been somewhat different. It is also unfortunate that he has the journalist's contempt for footnotes. A book of this value deserves to be generously documented. Nevertheless, Mr. Millis has made an important contribution to American history and to the cause of world peace. Incidentally, it is to the credit of The New York Herald Tribune that it should have given one of its editors the time and the freedom to produce a book which so effectively answers many Herald Tribune editorials.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL.

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More Truth About Russia

The XYZ of Communism, by Ethan T. Colton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 423 pages. $3.

Pan-Sovietism, by Bruce Hopper. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 288 pages. $2.

Making Bolsheviks, by Samuel N. Harper. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 160 pages. $2.

The Last Stand: An Interpretation of the Soviet Five Year Plan, by Edmund A. Walsh. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 307 pages. $3.

THE SPRING sowing of wheat in Russia was late, but the spring crop of American books about Russia is early and heavy. Is our current preoccupation with what Professor Harper continues to call the "interesting but costly experiment" of building socialism a confession of our own bewilderment, faced as we are with the necessitated "experiment" of adapting an obsolescent capitalist economy to the intransigent demands of an increasingly industrialized, internationalized and collectivized planet?

At any rate, the edge of patronage is blunted in these books, including that of Father Walsh, whose "Last Stand" honors the enemy by hurling at the Five Year Plan not merely the thunderbolts of Almighty God, but the shrewd though partisan logic of an accomplished student and dialectician. And even Father Walsh is forced upon the defensive when he writes:

> There is no inherent sanctity attaching to capitalism, neither to the term nor to the practice. But there is reverence for Christian civilization, whose very name derives from a divine personality, and whose spiritual content is the light of the world. . . . The way to restored confidence lies primarily through a reëxamination of the ethical connotation of a living wage . . . for recognition of the claims of the workers to some practical form of insurance against old age and unemployment—in short of a voluntary and frank examination of every constructive social reform advanced by Soviet theory, without its odious implications of materialism, Caesarism, irreligion and arrogant internationalism.

The other books are neutral, but the same defensive note appears in all of them. Mr. Colton, who writes an interpretative parallel of the recently published "ABC of Communism" documented largely from Communist "self-criticism" published in Pravda, Izvestia and Economic Life, declares in his introduction that he "holds the conviction, after contacts with Communism which coincide exactly with its period of ascendancy over the Russian masses, that its most successful challengers will be men and women with an equal concern for the material wellbeing of the humble and the dispossessed, with a superior program for establishing them in the full fellowship of human society, and with more regard for the rights of personality."

Mr. Hopper, after achieving a competent and interesting correlation of the historic roots of coöperation and industrialization in Russia with the social, political and economic formations worked out by the Bolsheviks since 1917, goes rather frail and helpless when he comes to state the world issue. It is his opinion that we must answer the Russian challenge by "sufficient state planning, based on private property, to permit coördination of production and consumption, the lack of which has produced the present world crisis." Who are "we"? The "average" American, "who owns his home, and perhaps an automobile and has a growing family which he would not like to see collectivized, but who has no coupons to clip and no means of income but his hands and brain."

By such plaintive and footless supplications of the Rulers of America are these current books about Russia characterized. They add few new facts, with the possible exception of Professor Harper's "Making Bolsheviks," which presents a dispassionate and serviceable description of the six "cadres"—the Communist Party Worker, the Young Communist, the Shock Brigade Workman, the Collectivist Peasant, the Soviet Cultural Worker and the Red Armyist—through which the Communist leaders are moving toward the objectives of Communism in Russia and throughout the world. Incidentally, the other three books, especially "The XYZ of Communism," contribute useful documentation of these cadres in operation.

In spite of these and other books, worried liberals will probably continue to wail that it is "impossible to get the truth about Russia." Why? Are the Communists so mysterious? They preach the class struggle and practise it ruthlessly. They believe that "religion is the opium of the people" and are rapidly wiping that sort of opium out of Russia. They preach the world revolution according to the Marxian formula and are working intermittently to bring it about—the Communist Politburo and the Comintern are of course opposite faces of the same coin. The pyramided dictatorship of the Communist party is real and earnest. The Communist objective is declared. Discussion of Communist strategy and tactics, and statistics of success and failure, are the daily fare of the readers of the Communist press both in Russia and elsewhere. They see clearly that education must be tendential—and by this time have come close to indoctrinating a whole new generation with Communist ideology.

It is easier to get the truth about Communism than it is to get the truth about capitalism. It is easier, especially for Americans, to get the truth about both than to face this truth and do anything about it.

JAMES RORTY.

A Novelist's Diversion

When the Wicked Man, by Ford Madox Ford. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

MR. FORD should have been born with less facility or more self-restraint; it is so easy for him to write fairly good books that he forgets he can write very good ones. When he was forty, looking back over a literary career that covered more than twenty years, he decided that the many books he had hitherto written were mere *pastiches* and *tours de force,* and concentrated his talents on the writing of a first-rate novel. Since "The Good Soldier" he has given us his notable Tietjens tetralogy, but he has also slipped into his old habit of turning out *divertissements.*

The least that can be said for "When the Wicked Man" is that it is genuinely diverting. It concerns a few weeks in the life of a New York publisher, eventful weeks in the course of which he forces an author to suicide, discovers his wife has a lover, takes unto himself a mistress and kills a notorious gangster. In telling the story, Mr. Ford displays his knowledge of the geography of New York City, his familiarity with the ways of publishers and his awareness of such events of recent American history as the stock-market crash and the dollar-book war. He has not, however, frankly and happily abandoned himself, as the late Arnold Bennett under similar circumstances would almost certainly have done, to unabashed potboiling.

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Apparently he cannot so abandon himself. In the first place, since the telling of a straightforward narrative obviously bores him, he has presented the story in two hops, a skip and a jump. That is to say, beginning *in medias res,* he lets us discover through Notterdam's reflections how we happen to be where we are; then, having brought the story to the point at which he began, he leaps ahead a few hours, and again we scramble to catch up; but he eludes us and continues to keep a jump ahead until the novel is finished. In the second place, his sensitivity to modern dilemmas will not permit him to make the book pure melodrama. Joe Notterdam is neither hero nor villain; he is a man who, in the prime of life, reflecting on his past and deciding to reform, discovers that it is not particularly easy for the wicked man to turn away from his wickedness, if only because the wicked so often do, as another part of the Good Book says, flourish like a green bay tree.

But if the book is not a mere potboiler, it is not, on the other hand, first-rate fiction. Although Mr. Ford sheers away from melodrama, he does not achieve the kind of tragi-comedy that his conception of Joe Notterdam's character suggests. He sketches his situations hastily, albeit adroitly, prefers to deal with surfaces, and relies for effect on the little devices that he perfected long ago. He has, in short, written another *divertissement,* just good enough, as such, to make us eager for the time—why shouldn't it be his sixtieth birthday?—when he again turns his back on desultory writing and chooses once more, in his own phrase, to extend himself. GRANVILLE HICKS.

The "Exuberant and Romantic" Genius of Frank Lloyd Wright

Modern Architecture, by Frank Lloyd Wright. Princeton University Press. 115 pages. $4.

ARCHITECTURE is intrinsically an unsatisfactory field of expression for the individual poet-genius. All good building since time began has been an essentially communal affair, and all true symbolic meaning has arisen out of the highly restricted expression of a *common* social idiom. The regional and town plan must come first. No one can invent buildings—and if anyone could, he probably shouldn't be allowed to. A new architecture depends primarily on the careful establishment and strict acceptance of an idiom that has its roots in the social and economic structure of the time. If there can be no common solution, there can be no great age of building—and architecture is of no larger social significance than, say, typography.

Now Frank Lloyd Wright is a lyric genius. He not only wants to express his own personality very positively in his buildings; he even deplores any idiomatic influence his work may have on lesser men. He is about as anonymous as Walt Whitman. It is no ironic accident that he has spent the better part of his talents in the one architectural form where individuality may still be adequately expressed, where social and economic restrictions are at a minimum, where coöperation is unnecessary. He has built large country houses—the handsomest houses, be it said, of the past hundred years. A skyscraper by Mr. Wright would be far better individually than any perpetrated in the name of modernism by those gentlemen who are the present glory of the American Institute of Architects. But the Wright skyscraper or housing development (*probably*—for after all, he's never had his chance) would come very little nearer to the eventual type-solution than does the Chrysler Building or Jackson Heights.

Frank Lloyd Wright is without doubt the most brilliant individual architect of our time. As a free and honest experimenter in materials and ideas, his importance is incalculable. But the direct responsibility for the future seems to lie in the hands of those men who have tried together to strip architecture to its essentials, who have suppressed their differences in the interests of the unit and the whole—men like Oud in Holland, Gropius and Stam and May in Germany, Neutra and Lescaze in America, the town planners in England.

So much for the convictions of the reviewer. . . .

But here is this book (and where is my review?). Here are the lectures that Mr. Wright delivered last year at Princeton. Exuberant, confessedly romantic, insistently individualistic, at times even florid and rhetorical, it is still (and I say it, who fought my rising enthusiasm at every turn of a page) the very best book on modern architecture that exists.

There were six lectures and there are six chapters. The first is called "Machinery, Materials and Men" and contains a transcription of Wright's famous Hull House speech of 1903, which positively establishes him as the instigator of the articulate modern movement. The chapter on "Style in Industry" clarifies the analogy between the accomplished aims of ancient Japanese arts and crafts and the incipient ones of this machine age. " 'Be Clean' was the Shinto admonition which accounted for the Japanese house. . . . Today, it is almost as if the Machine itself had, by force, issued edicts similar to the Shinto 'Be Clean.' Clean lines—clean surfaces—clean purposes."

"The Passing of the Cornice" . . . "O Palladio! Vitruvius! Vignola!" cries Mr. Wright. "Be comforted—the twentieth century gives back to you your shrouds!" But his sympathy for these gentlemen is not very strong at best. His analysis of his own emotions on the Acropolis is as sound and stimulating a piece of philistinism as one will encounter in the whole critical literature of the past two decades.

The chapter on "The Cardboard House" contains a caustic arraignment of the whole house-machine idea. "Elimination . . . may be just as meaningless as elaboration. . . . I offer any fool, for an example." There is also an excellent positive analysis of the structural and philosophic principles which govern his own house design. The problem of the skyscraper has never been better summarized: "All these lately increased capacities of men for wide range of lateral movement due to mechanization are becoming useless to the citizen, because we happen to be sympathetic to the cupidity of proprietorship and see it not only as commercially profitable but as sensational." And for invective who can surpass this? "We are a jackdaw people with a monkey psychology, given over to the vice of devices." The final chapter foresees that "probably the death of the city is to be the greatest service the machine will ultimately render the human being."

I am, still, in active disagreement with about a third of the book. I still would really rather live in a workingman's house in Frankfurt than in one of Mr. Wright's handsome prairie mansions. I still believe that symbolic variations cannot be invented cold on a drafting board, that they must evolve *in time* out of the functional forms themselves or not at all. But, fundamental as this criticism may sound, it detracts very little from my perplexing enthusiasm. Outside of the controversial third (though even here, a few of his well pointed barbs at the "Card-

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board House" went home) and the third that is an excellent statement of the common ground beneath all valid experiments in modern architecture, there is at least a third which is so rich in sound observation, trenchant comment and philosophic purity that architecture itself takes on a new dignity, a fresh social importance. And Frank Lloyd Wright emerges as one of the most interesting figures that America has yet produced.

CATHERINE K. BAUER.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY

GABRIEL THE ARCHANGEL, by Federico Nardelli and Arthur Livingston. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 336 pages. $3.50.*

The incredible D'Annunzio, whose works are published by the State, who addresses Mussolini as "Brother," and whose love affairs are more widely known than his plays, poems and novels, is the subject of a biography which amusingly relates the poet's ferocious and operatic exploits in the War and his relations with Duse and countless other ladies. In a biography which itself is largely occupied with a chronicle of eccentricities, the biographers express their regret that the writings of a great poet, whose life has been a struggle between "the Archangel and the Beast" in him, have been neglected in the midst of the attention generally paid to his more lurid activities.

NOGUCHI, by Gustav Eckstein. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 419 pages. $5.*

The son of a Japanese peasant fell into the fire when he was a child, burned and crippled his left hand. He became impressed with the medical treatment he later received and wished to study medicine. The result was a curiously intense life which led him into the study of bacteriology, a carelessness about money, the friendship of Weir Mitchell, an assistantship in the Rockefeller Institute, the cultivation of the spirochete of syphilis, work on paresis and locomotor ataxia, on yellow fever all over the world, and eventually to death from yellow fever in 1928, on the Guinea Coast. His biographer, in this interesting volume, loses none of the intensity of Noguchi's life, but introduces occasional confusion and bewilderment into the wealth of detail by a tricky style which appears to be modeled on the imperfect syntax Noguchi himself used when speaking English.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, by D. Crane Taylor. *New York: Oxford University Press. 252 pages. $4.50.*

To the Oxford Press series of studies of Restoration drama is added this biographical and critical account of the foremost playwright of his time. Adequately enough Congreve's activities are detailed and several obscurities cleared up; but the author displays no great critical acumen in dealing with his plays. Jeremy Collier's diatribe against the theatre and the feeble responses, even from Congreve, receive the careful attention they deserve. For Collier's pamphlet not only turned the manners of the stage away from the comedy of Congreve, but also began that binding and smothering from which the stage has suffered for the last two centuries.

FICTION

THE BITTER ORANGE TREE, by Panaït Istrati. *New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.*

Panaït Istrati seems to feel, as a writer accepted by Paris, that it behooves him to profess a Baudelairean disgust of life. Fortunately, such irrelevant sighings as "poor, miserable mankind!" and "wretched men!" do not prevail enough here seriously to mar the story; but they do a great deal to reveal the Istrati who came back from Soviet Russia, according to his own admission, a defeated man. The story itself, about a wild, beautiful girl and two boys, fantastic as it may seem to us in its Oriental savor, is told with a sullen racial strength that is undeniably impressive.

THE GRASSHOPPERS COME, by David Garnett. *New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.50.*

The curious and brief story of a long-distance flight from England and a crash in the Gobi Desert, of starvation and the descent of locusts, is as distinguished in its accurate prose and disturbing effects as any of its quite different predecessors. "The Grasshoppers Come" gives evidence again of the admirable ability Garnett has to create a milieu by the illusion of profuse detail, to separate it off from the rest of the surrounding world, and to realize completely whatever peculiar characters and habits exist in its conditions. His style alone, aside from the originality of his subject matter, places him in the front rank of present-day English writers.

STUDIES ARE NOT EVERY THING: The Diary of a Freshman, by Max McConn. *New York: The Viking Press. $2.*

Mr. McConn has written many penetrating studies of educational dissipation in the American college from the side of the administration which is primarily responsible for it. In this pungent little book he tells the same story from the point of vantage, or disadvantage, of a freshman. Not since Charles M. Flandrau wrote his classics, "Harvard Episodes" and "The Diary of a Freshman," have we seen anything so funny on this theme, but the fun shows a deterioration. Flandrau's freshmen, though silly, were charming with a certain impregnable good taste. Even their humor had a remote connection with the mind, as in the "rhyming road" with its

> Matthew Arnold! He's all right.
> Full of sweetness; full of light——

Mr. McConn's freshman is the son of a local Babbitt, swept into college in September in the wake of an athletic recruiting expedition. His life at the Pi Pi House, enlivened by booze and girls, is over by Christmas, when he becomes an Alumnass. Mr. McConn has revived the humorous devices of misspelling, familiar in the "Bad Boy's Diary," with considerable success.

Contributors

LOUIS FISCHER, the author of a recently published book, "Why Recognize Russia?" has, since 1922, spent a large part of his time in that country. He was formerly correspondent of The Daily Herald of London and has contributed feature articles on Russia to The New York Times, The New York Evening Post, Current History and The Nation.

LEWIS MUMFORD, author of a biography of Herman Melville and of several volumes of architectural and social criticism, recently completed a study of the arts in America during the thirty years following the Civil War. The book will appear this fall, under the title "The Brown Decades."

C. D. THORPE, professor of English and the teaching of English at the University of Michigan, is a frequent contributor to The Saturday Review of Literature, The Quarterly Journal and other magazines.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL, who has been research director of the Foreign Policy Association since 1927, is the author of several volumes on international affairs and is now working on a social and political history of Central America.

GRANVILLE HICKS, an assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, is preparing a book on American literature since the Civil War.

JAMES RORTY, author of "Children of the Sun," a book of verse, and formerly a copy writer for a large advertising company, is at present living on a farm near Westport, Connecticut, where he is doing free-lance writing.

CATHERINE BAUER recently traveled through Holland, Germany and Sweden studying architecture and town planning in those countries in preparation for a book on modern architecture which she is now writing.

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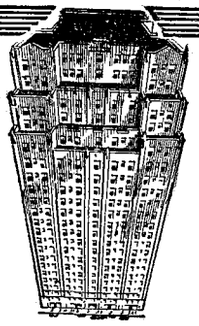

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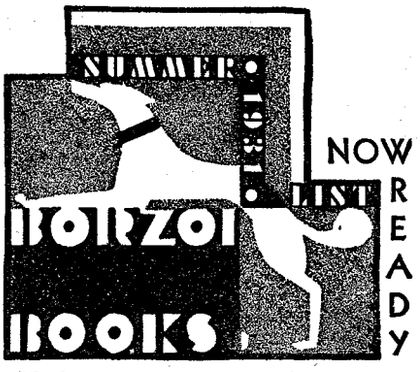

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